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The HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

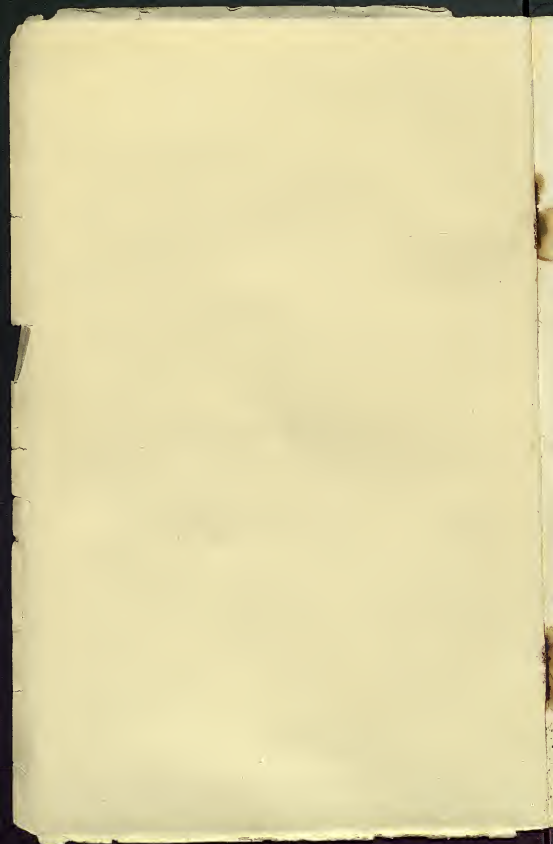
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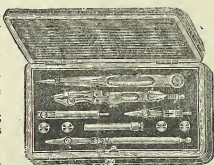
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The . . .

**Hartley University
College
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
EDITORIAL NOTES	77
A PLEA FOR THE LATE COMER	79
CRAMMING	83
THE TREATMENT OF WOMEN IN ENGLISH LITERATURE	86
A COMPLAINT FROM ELYSIUM	91
BOOKS AND THEIR CONTENTS	92
A WELL-KNOWN DOG	94
TERRIER TUNES	99
THE SHEARS	100
AFTER BROWNING	102
ELYSIUM, 1912	103
THERMOMETER MAD	108
ACTS OF THE STUDENTS	110
SAYINGS APROPOS	111
UNTHINKABLES	117
HEATHEN UNION	117
A SUGGESTED COURSE IN LION TAMING	118
WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW	119
QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS	120
ON DIT	126
HARTLEY BISCUITS	128
POST BAG	132

REPORTS AND SOCIETY NOTES—

CHRISTIAN UNION	134
CHESS NOTES	138
SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY	135
DEBATING SOCIETY	137
ATHLETICS REPORTS	139
HARRIERS' CLUB	141

FOR REFRESHMENTS!



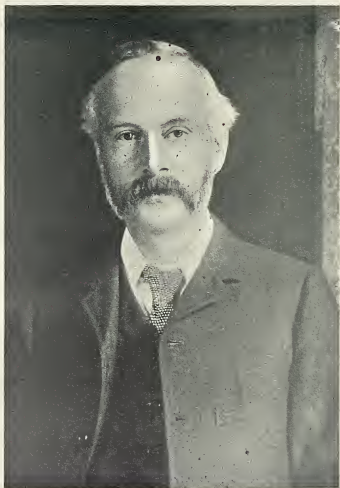
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DR. ALEX. HILL.

17

THE

Hartley University College Magazine.

= = *Editorial Notes.* = =

It is our most pleasant duty to commence this number of our Magazine, by extending on behalf of both Staff and Students, a hearty welcome to our new Principal. In the two brief months during which he has presided over the College, Dr. Hill has already made himself liked, and respected by all. The men have pronounced him "first rate," and the ladies "charming." Moreover, Dr. Hill has undoubtedly impressed the townspeople of Southampton by his genial personality, and it is no exaggeration to say that the reputation of the College has gone up many degrees since his arrival. Everyone is confident that the future of the Hartley is absolutely safe while he is at the helm.

The College Council were exceedingly fortunate in obtaining for the vacant Principalship, a gentleman with so distinguished a career, both as a scholar, and as an organiser. Wide culture and practical efficiency are qualities which are unfortunately too often separate, but Dr. Hill possesses both. As the Acting President said in moving his appointment, "Dr. Hill has had wide educational experience; he is a man of great distinction and attainment, and has great tact and powers of organisation; so we are confident that for this particular College, at this particular time, we can make no better choice."

The Principal's distinguished career has been mainly connected with Cambridge University. After taking his degree, he was appointed a Fellow of his College, and a Lecturer on Physiology, and shortly afterwards Professor Sir George Humphrey, appointed him to be Chief Demonstrator of Anatomy. Dr. Hill has written works on various medical

subjects, the best known being "A Popular Treatise on Physiology." At the comparatively early age of thirty-two, he was elected Master of Downing College. We have the authority of Cambridge men for saying that this College gained steadily in reputation while Dr. Hill was at its head. For the two years 1897 to 1899, he was Vice-Chancellor of the University. During his tenure of this high office, he devoted himself to the proper organisation of the scientific side of the University, and the raising of funds for this. To his efforts was largely due the institution of the Cambridge Association, which has collected, and paid over to the University more than £200,000.

Dr. Hill has already had some connection with the Hartley University College. In 1901, and again in 1906, he was appointed one of the two Commissioners for the Treasury to inspect and report upon the University Colleges, and minor Universities of England, and he visited the Hartley on both occasions.

In 1906 he went on a tour round the world, and found time during this, to help to found, and organise the University at Perth in Western Australia. He has told the story of his tour in a book which he published at its conclusion, "Round the British Empire." Another of Dr. Hill's publications is "Notes on the Pocket Volume of the Poems of Robert Browning." This is an excellent example of the width and range of his interests.

Space prevents us from enumerating the many other offices which Dr. Hill has worthily filled. He has, for example, been President of the Teachers' Guild, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Home Reading Union. His most recent task was the organisation of the exceedingly successful Congress of Universities of the Empire, which met in London last July.

We have to thank Dr. Hill for kindly permitting us to print his photograph as the frontispiece to this number of the Magazine. Apropos of this, we hope we shall not spoil in the retelling, a story which he told at his first meeting with the Staff. The *Daily Mirror* of the first or second of January, published two photographs side by side. One was an ancient and quite unfamiliar person in uniform, which was, however, labelled:—"Southampton's New Principal." The other was a photograph which he thought he recognised, but under it was the inscription, "The Retiring Station Master of Sevenoaks, Kent."

As was emphatically pointed out on Speech Night, the position of the College is now absolutely secure. All the demands of the Board of Education have been satisfied, and they now look upon us with a favourable eye. The credit of that is, as is well known, particularly due to our distinguished Acting President, Mr. Montefiore, who has spared neither time nor money in his endeavours to preserve and strengthen the College. We should not like to lose this opportunity of expressing our gratitude.



A PLEA FOR THE LATE COMER.

• • •

THERE is an art in being late. For those conscientious people who have never once in their lives slept the clock round, or disregarded the impatient and startling summons of the landlady, I have the most supreme contempt. Some people accuse the habitual late comer of superb laziness, and utter indifference to those fundamental principles upon which success in life is built. As if arriving punctually to any scheduled time were the greatest achievement of life.

All of us have, or leastways should have, at some time or another, enjoyed that brief but enviable condition of lying in bed and watching the clock fingers pointing to the quarter after the hour, when we are supposed to be at Coll.

There is a positive and peculiar delight in staying in bed on cold mornings. Lectures at all times are a trial, on these occasions they are a confounded nuisance.

To lie abed in a state of perfect contentment, to ruminate with calm and untroubled mind in a lazy, dreamy fashion upon past triumphs, to be at peace with oneself and one's surroundings, to see objects in the room in a hazy, careless, and calm way; to be at one with sublime contentment indefinite tranquility, is indeed an enviable position in which to find oneself. It is a position in which the late comer often, nay, always finds himself.

Bed is the natural place for any man, he was born in bed, with average luck he'll die in bed.

To expect a man to get up on a cold morning is positively absurd. It is unjust. The very thought of such a catastrophe stamps you as a most unfeeling brute, as a man with most objectionable principles, and a man to be shunned.

You, with unblushing effrontery expect a man to scramble from warm, energy-seducing sheets, into a cold and damp atmosphere; you expect him to don, cold clammy garments, to wash in icy-cold water, and to strive valiantly with numbed fingers to push an elusive stud through an overstarved stiff collar; not only this sir, you wreck his temper, and his warm-hearted impulses. All that I can say sir, is, that you are guilty of a criminal offence, and deserve to be punished accordingly.

Man naturally rebels against such treatment, at least, that spark of manliness inherent in the late comer rebels, and as a result he refuses to quit. If I must confess a weakness, he had'nt the heart to leave his bed. In justice to his own health, in fairness to that energetic and thoughtful landlady who has so carefully prepared his bed, in fact, in fairness to anybody and anything which has assisted in bringing about his own comfort he cannot, nay, dare not budge.

I know the late comer is received with scorn by his more conscientious and prudent brethren, but this does not deter him. He works his work, they perhaps work their work. To see a fellow being calm and contented, when they are tired and irritable, to see his happy indifference when they are harassed and worried, to see his quiet, good humour when they are sullen and morose, certainly does not serve to raise within them feelings of filial affection and admiration towards him. They fritter their lives away in a round of perpetual worry and constrained endeavour, they toil and moil in order to '*be early*' as the say is, while he plods along serenely, and with a cool complacency which unnerves them.

We are told that Nap, more than any other man, knew the value of time, but punctuality did not save him from coming a fearful cropper at Waterloo.

I know punctuality is an essential quality to inculcate in all people, young people particularly, but copy-book maxims do not make the serious business of life, and if to be punctual I am to descend into premature grey hairs, a lined and worried face, then assuredly I wish to be a happy-go-lucky late comer.

The habitual late comer is above all things a philosopher. He has worries, but he pockets them and possesses to an alarming degree—lecturers will bear me out in this—of that essential adjunct to happiness, the power of forgetting to remember them.

You have never seen the man who habitually comes late to lectures harassed or worried; he is above either, he ignores both. There is too, an exquisite and undeniable excitement in arriving at Coll. late. Getting up is a serious difficulty, but once overcome, there is a straight and clear road forward. There is not the same bustle and rush as would have been half an-hour earlier, the prudent and conscientious have gone, filled with a half-stifled impression that there is a possibility of being late. Breakfast may be cold, still a good excuse for hurry—he is above all things an optimist, this late comer. There is a cessation of all traffic which by its hideous and nerve-racking noise may tend to disturb his equanimity, he has a clear road for a sparkling exhilarating rush to Coll. His blood tingles with his exercise, his body is aglow, and when he arrives at Coll., his face is one broad smile of honest satisfaction. He is late—certainly—but he knows he's a record breaker, and what is more, he is fresh, good humoured, and genial; though for a space he may be 'hard put to,' I have never seen him arrive in a state of semi-undress. He always arrives spick and span, chic and presentable.

I have never yet met this genial companion looking as though he has slept on a hay rick or been dragged through a hedge backwards.

To arrive late, but happy, is the lot of the philosopher. You, you miserable, conscientious time servers, slaves to an unworthy convention, are driven wild with frenzy if you mistake the time and arrive at Coll. four minutes after the clock has boomed nine. You are sullen and moody, irritable and snarling throughout the morning. You create an atmosphere of disagreeableness and grumpiness which not only infects you, but those compelled to breathe the same atmosphere. Not so master late comer, good nature and sympathy radiate from him, others become infected with his gaiety, and lectures become as near pleasurable as they ever will become.

The man who is habitually late lives in a most exquisite state of expectancy. Two alternatives are invitingly held out to him. Either he must interview the powers that be for his supposed delinquencies, or he must arrive at Coll. *early*.

Hateful thought the latter. The former, I suppose at some time or other he is bound to do, the latter—pshaw! the bare idea is disgusting.

To enter a room which looks cold, austere, and repelling, full of dirty, inartistic desks, arranged in a most irritating uniformity is something appalling to his sensitive nature. The late comer is more than anything else a sociable fellow. He likes to see the room full of life, to hear a confused buzz at his entrance, to feel that, though late, he is welcome. He may be detested by some—lecturers particularly who dislike interruptions, and viewed askance by others, but few will deny the fact that his appearance is a decided variant to the monotony of listening, with an assumption of wrapped attention, to the voice of a lecturer telling of strange and unheard of stories. He creates a diversion, there is at once a confused babble of noise, enquiries, sympathies, and laughter to greet him. Banter is exchanged free, quips and sallies on his laziness are the order of the moment, but this does not disturb him.

I suppose some of my early rising friends will say that with all the late comer's so-called happiness, he has a price to pay. Quite so my friend, but remember he only passes a rough half-hour with the powers that be, and then he is free, while you, my friend, through worrying over this petty regard for convention, become saddened and callous, unlovable and dejected.

If to be punctual and precise at lectures results in testiness and morosity, then for heaven's sake put me on the roll of late comers.

H.C.L.

CRAMMING. X X

* * *

CRAMMING is a necessary evil. We are all Crammers. There is not a person in Coll. with the exception of the floor polishers and diminutive broom wielders, who, at some time or other in his or her career, has not fallen into this popularly supposed evil.

You, my fine fellow, who pride yourself upon your consistent effort in your scientific research, and you, my dear lady, who patiently and unweariedly climb flights of slippery and treacherous steps to your 'Art Rooms,' have fallen into this baneful evil. Either knowingly or unknowingly, you have done so; not even your will-power Sir, nor your patient attention to detail, nor your charm, my dear lady student, has in the past been able to assist you, nor will it in the future.

We have all been under the influence which this tyrant exerts. Whether professor or lecturer, man or woman, senior or junior, at some time or other during our career, whether it be long or short, we have been on the Race, as the saying goes, to this seductive craze.

You, my honoured professor, will work like one possessed immediately before you are compelled to give a 'popular lecture.' You will exhaust a library, worry its employées, be surly and snappish, irritable and priggish immediately before your lecture. And why do you do this? The answer is simple, you are Cramming. That this one main purpose which consumes your soul, plays havoc with your temper, your digestion and liver, is easily discernible. You are 'cramming up' piquant and entertaining witticisms, brilliant and powerful repartées by which you wish to make your lecture a success. Because you are cramming, you are worried, because you are worried you are bad-tempered, a shadow of your former genial self. Hence Sir, 'ware cramming!

But you cannot resist this tendency to cram. It is like an incurable disease, once fall into its clutches you are doomed.

Cramming is a disease you can no more resist than could Mrs. Gamp her bottle, or Fred Bayham that craving desire for borrowing.

And what about you, my much-tried student! are you in the same boat? Come, confess now, I know you are by that hang-dog look and blushing countenance. Still sir, you need not fear. When a child you had the measles—at least, I am presumptuous enough to suppose so, you were not

ashamed then, you may have gloried in the fact for all that I may know—as a student it is one of *the* most inflexible conditions that you be burdened with this disease popularly called ‘Cramming.’

You cram because you know that by so doing you can successfully scrape through your tests, and because you can lull your lecturers into a state of false security,—that you know your work, and their labour has not been profitless.

How, whole books have been written against cramming, prudent old men rail against it, timid and oversensitive women are horrified, in short the whole community has a grudge against it, but still we keep doing it. You know we do. I do it, and shall always do it.

I know there is always a tendency to slackness, a desire for rest and contentment after the labours of Coll., but unless some kind fortune offers me a life of sweet peace, oblivion and untrammelled ease, I shall always persist in this pernicious evil, ‘Cramming.’

Now I admire a man who can cram scientifically. The man who can successfully turn a deaf ear to the persistent and monotonous call of work; who can live a life of free, easy gaiety throughout the term, unworried by any insinuations from lecturers until a few days before any decisive venture, I regard as little short of a hero. To work consistently and doggedly throughout a term, to pursue with singleness of aim some shadowy and illusive Will-o-the-wisp in the shape of say, “Distinctions,” is to my mind one of the most positive signs of intellectual degeneracy.

You, my patient, painstaking plodder, with your bleared eyes, your worried look and uneasy mind are sailing upon a wrong tack. To be precise, you are not sailing, you are drifting, your derelict bark has fouled her anchorage, and you are rapidly being swirled away in a maelstrom of agitations and perplexities which will end only in disillusionment and bad temper.

Has it ever struck you, Sir, that by your efforts for that illusory success you are killing that indefinite germ of good-fellowship which you may have at one time possessed.

The first eight weeks of the term is the time for theatres, soirées, smokers; the time when you should live in a state of breathless excitement; the time when life should be all sparkle and bustle, good humour and jollity. You say you never thought of these things? You should have done before

you came to College. Possibly you were regarded in your native town as a rollicking, genial soul, with an open hand and a smile for all.

Sir, you have killed all those sparks of genial feeling, your life is bound in a grim, dolorous, musty old cover with thick brass clasps, locked and secured. Sir, by your attitude during the term you have wantonly murdered these generous impulses. Your horizon is narrow and warped; it does not extend beyond the few insignificant subjects you are compelled to study

I know you will have a dozen puritanical proverbs to throw at my head; I know you will say that "doggedness wins the day;" that the capacity for taking pains is essential for success, and hurl with defiance that quotation of Longfellow, "the heights by great men reached and kept," etc.; but I am not confounded.

Because you are a plodder, Sir, you will never be a genius. Genius only comes up in meteoric spurts and flashes; the crammer has a bare chance of becoming a genius, you have not. You are only dogged out of mere cussedness, and to be plain, Sir, I regard you as a misinformed ass! The poets and philosophers who gave you their wisdom never lived up to these principles. I dare wager that half the "thoughts" you hug so closely to your soul were written by lazy rascals who drank their chocolate in bed at 11 o'clock in the morning, smoked till 2, dined again, and, with an interval for jotting down more pocket wisdom, went to sleep again.

The crammer, let me tell you, is a man of high intellect and intense powers of concentration; he does in a fortnight what you have taken a whole term to do. You are a slave, he is a free man. You get into a rut and make a half-hearted struggle to get out, with the result that the ground crumbles beneath you, and you slip back again. You go home at the end of the term feeling stale and dispirited; he has had an enjoyable term, and hence feels happy when term ends. I do not wish to set up as a moralist, but would simply, out of a supreme sympathy and love of mankind, strive to enlist you in the service of the noblest sovereign under the sun—King Crammer—and leave you with the essence of my philosophy.

Cram at the end of term and the Coll. crams with you. Swot during term and you swot alone.

H. C. L.

THE TREATMENT OF WOMAN IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

* * *

A recent discussion at the College Debating Society—a discussion which the present writer was sorry to miss—suggests that a few notes on the above subject may not be unacceptable. It is hardly necessary to say that they cannot pretend to anything like completeness, but it may be premised that the writer will go on writing, without considering an end, until the limits assigned to the article are reached. Then he will hand in his copy, however fragmentary it may be.

Let us look first at the views concerning woman which prevailed in mediæval times, when England was first experiencing a conscious national life and first finding herself in national literary expression. The position of woman, recognised in theory at any rate, equally by man and by woman, was one of subordination. In the household, man was supreme head, and his will and word were law. "Women," cries Chaucer's heroine Constance, "are born to thralldom and to penance, and to be under man's governance." Perhaps the most famous heroine in mediæval story was the patient Griselda, who, subjected by her husband to the most cruel trials, bore all with the utmost humility and submission. Griselda, whose story Chaucer gives us in the "Clerk's Tale," was a poor girl who was taken to wife by a Marquis. A daughter was born to them. In order to test Griselda's wifely obedience, the Marquis causes the child to be taken away—to be murdered, as Griselda is given to understand. But Griselda murmurs not. Four years later a son is born to them. He also is taken away, but still Griselda makes no complaint. Next the Marquis dismisses Griselda herself, and says that he must take another wife—a high-born lady. Griselda departs, still with no rebellious word. Finally, when the Marquis requires her to come to the Palace to make things ready for his new wife, Griselda meekly obeys, only beseeching him not to treat the new wife as hardly as he has done "others"—that is, herself. But the supposed new wife turns out to be her own daughter, and is accompanied by the son who also had been removed. The Marquis tells Griselda that he had only been testing her, and we have a reunion scene of inexpressible joy and pathos. In the story of Constance—Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale"—we have a somewhat similar ideal of womanly patience set forth in the person of one who was not, like Griselda, of lowly origin, but the daughter of an Empress of

Rome. Here it is not a husband, but two mothers-in-law who are responsible for the heroine's sufferings.

Now the ideals presented in these characters are of course overstrained, impossible, perhaps wrong. But we cannot say that they are low. There is an element of greatness in them, and they are in contrast with the common form of mediæval abuse of woman. She is therein represented as characteristically changeable and fickle, and following the favours of fortune. By her, sin came into the world, and Satan always chooses a woman when he wants to tempt man. All this is in Chaucer, who through his characters has many hits at feminine foibles. Yet we may perhaps take as his own considered tribute that which he puts into the mouth of the Clerk by way of comment on *Griselda*—"Men speak of Job, and most of all for his patience. Learned men can, when they like, write very well in praise of men, but in truth, though they praise women very little, no man can acquit himself in patience as women can, or be half so true as women are." And certainly no one has given us more delightful pictures of fair, innocent maidenhood. We can well understand the two Knights, *Palamon* and *Arcite*, in prison falling in love with the Lady *Emily*, that was fairer to the sight "than is the lillie upon his stalke grene," as she walked in the garden on a May "morwe," gathering flowers to make a "sotil gerland" for her head. A characteristic of Chaucer's young heroines is their early rising. He indeed suggests that women in general were more "measurable" in sleep than were men. *Emily*, we read, "ere it was day, as she was wont to do" was "arisen" and already dight"; and again, "Up rose the sun, and up rose *Emily*." In the *Squire's Tale*, while all the others stay to the end of the feast and sleep long after it, *Canacee* leaves it early, as she does not want to look pale in the morning, and gets up before everyone else to walk in the park.

But we must not linger on these old-world pictures. Let us pass on to the Tudor age, when our modern literature, alike in poetry and in prose, was established. Now this modern beginning, so far as our lyrical poetry is concerned, is especially bound up with the appearance of what may be called the characteristic woman interest in our literature. Modern English poetry may be said to have started with the songs and sonnets of *Wyatt* and *Surrey*, and they began, as *Mr. Gosse* has remarked, that analysis of the love of man for woman, that impulsive singing note of emotion which has since enriched our literature with some of the finest lyrics in the world. But our praise of *Surrey* in this connexion may perhaps be

moderated if we accept the view that he first set the example of going out and breaking windows, in order to call attention to his opinions. He and some accomplices, we read, went out one night in London, and did much destruction of the kind aforesaid, by means of a stone bow. In his defence, he wrote a satirical poem in which he alleged that he had been scandalised by the irreligious lives led by the Londoners, and had endeavoured by his attack on their windows to prepare them for divine retribution. In an issue of a Woman's Suffrage journal, this sonnet was quoted as a sort of historic justification for the smashing of windows to promote the woman's cause, but the sober truth seems to be that Surrey and his friends had no religious or political purpose in view, but were simply out for what in schoolboy parlance would be called "a lark."

In the Tudor age, as in the mediæval, abuse of woman was a sort of common form, and its characteristics are of the stock kind. In the interlude of the "Four P's"—the Poticary, the Pardoner, and the Palmer have a discussion as to who can tell the biggest lie, the Pedlar being judge. The Poticary tells a story of a marvellous cure, but he is beaten by the Pardoner, who tells how the soul of a woman was rescued from hell. The devil was glad to part with it because of the trouble it had caused him. Let the Pardoner apply his pardons to women, so that they shall never come to him again. The Palmer, called upon to tell his story, expresses surprise that a woman could cause so much trouble below, for he had been all over Christendom, and seen hundreds of thousands of women. Yet, he adds,

"I never saw nor knew in my conscience
Any one woman out of patience"

The Palmer wins the prize. The title of such a play as "Woman is a Weathercock," sufficiently indicates the survival of the old slander; and the idea of woman's subordination was very definitely illustrated in the proceeding of a certain learned doctor, who read before the University of Oxford a dissertation in which he argued that it was lawful for a husband to beat his wife.

But for the higher and truer view of woman we must turn to the greatest minds of the age. Let Shakespeare briefly abide our question. What a noble gallery of women has he given us—in Miranda, Cordelia, Desdemona, Hermione, and the Portias. In Miranda, Shakespeare's Nausicaa, we have the perfect type of the unsophisticated, tender, innocent, and beautiful maiden, following the dictates of a nature that knows nothing of guile, and moved most quickly of all to that

pity which "renneth sone in gentil herte." Cordelia is the faithful daughter, whose bright virtue shines out against the black ingratitude of her sisters. Shakespeare succeeds in making the spirit of Cordelia breathe through the whole of the play, possess us through it all, fill us with hope amidst all its storm, while she herself appears in person but little, and when she appears says little—is indeed marked especially by that quality of reserve and disdain of mere talking which often exists where the affections are strongest; and when she talks, it is in the gentlest of tones, for her voice, says her father was "soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman." This is a triumph in literature, as it is the triumph of a Cordelia in real life. In Desdemona and Hermione we have the faithful, constant wife, somewhat after the fashion of Chaucer's Constance and Griselda. Desdemona was slain by her husband on a wrongful suspicion. Yet her last breath is spent in trying to shield him. "Who" cries her attendant Emily, "hath done this." "Nobody," faintly whispers Desdemona, "Nobody—myself. Commend me to my kind lord. O! farewell." Then, in the character of Portia, where she pleads with Brutus to communicate to her the secrets that are troubling his peace, we get Shakespeare's conception of the relation of confidence between man and wife. Brutus can withhold nothing to the appeal of one who is "as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart." Again, in the Constance of "King John," in her championship of her son Arthur's rights and her passionate lament after he is gone, Shakespeare represents the intensity of a woman's love for her child.

Shakespeare, like Chaucer, seems to suggest that in constancy woman tends to be superior to man. It is man who, in the song, has one foot on sea and one on shore, and is to one thing constant never. He makes even the Duke in "Twelfth Night"—egotistic as he is about his own love, confess it—

"For boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won
Than women's are."

And, again, through Viola disguised as a man, we learn—

"We men say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love."

But along with this presentation of constancy and strength of feeling in woman, we get from Shakespeare also the idea of an associated weakness and delicacy, whether in good or in

evil. Lady Macbeth, stronger than her husband at the outset, his prompter and instigator, yet finds herself in the end breaking down under the strain of her own strength, as it were. It is too much for a woman to carry. Portia, having been confided in by her husband, finds the knowledge and anxiety too great to be borne. She falls distract, swallows live coals, and dies. Ophelia, forsaken by Hamlet, loses her wits. Perhaps Shakespeare regarded woman as greater and more tender in feeling than man, but not so strong in the energy of sustainment. In "The Taming of the Shrew" the duty of wifely subjection is presented, and whatever may be the facts as to the authorship of the play, and though it is always dangerous to assign definite lyrical values to dramatic passages, we can hardly doubt that Shakespeare on the whole was conservative in this matter. In any case, Catherine is made to give very clear and definite expression to the ancient view. The woman, she says, owes to her husband such duty as the subject owes the prince.

"Why should we seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When we are bound to serve, love, and obey."

And here we must hand in the fragment.



A COMPLAINT FROM ELYSIUM.

* * *

"She gadereth flour-es, party whyte and rede,
To make a sotil gerland for hir hede."

IN course of a discussion on Chaucer in a certain family circle, the above lines, from "The Knightes Tale," came in for comment. Someone asked—"Why 'whyte and rede?'" whereupon the daughter of the house irreverently suggested—"Because he wanted a rhyme for 'hede.'" This remark, overheard in the Elysian fields, evoked the following protest from the outraged bard.

Mayden, tho wordes that ye of me han seyð
Han hurt me sor-e. I am yvel apayd.
For trew-e-ly no wight that knoweth me
With hem in any part-e coude agr-e,
For alle my rym-es frely from me springe
As doon the song-es that the foul-es singe,
And come up so withouten payne or tene
As doth the lillie upon his stalk-e grene.
Ne streyne I nat significaci-oun
To make hem gon togeder in the soun.
And whan that ye tho word-es hard-e spake
Your der-e fader oghte yow han shake;
Lest that ye shold-e seye hem mo than ones,
He sholde yow snibben sharply for the nones.
For thogh that now in hevne is my abood,
They lyk a sper-e thurgh my hert-e glood,
Percinge hit sor-e, making me to greve,
So that unneth-es mighte I yow foryeve,
But that ye been as fair as in the mede
The fressh-e flour-es, *party whyte and rede*;
And whan I see the beautee of your face
I thinke on Emelye and al hir grace.
So no mo word-es. Maugr-e your disdeyn,
I yow foryeve. But seyeth hit nat ageyn.

BOOKS AND THEIR CONTENTS.

I have noticed, Mr. Editor and dear Reader, in the course of my extensive reading (and I may mention that I have read every book ever published in any language, and about 3,000 of my own, as yet in manuscript) that the titles of various works seem to indicate that the pages would contain valuable and exclusive information on various persons, places or things in connection with the College. The application of the idea is quite general however, and not confined to College merely. Could we not all point to husbands who would perhaps profit by a perusal of "The Taming of the Shrew?" Should not Lawyers endeavour to study Hockings' "All Men are Liars?" Examples could be multiplied, but it may be more interesting to confine our attention to home affairs.

The books, authors, and the presumed bearings of the books, are given in the three columns below, and the earnest study of them by the people concerned, or interested, is strongly recommended.

A MAN IN LOVE	<i>A. M. Diehl ..</i>	.. Mr. S—w.
THE WOMAN WHO DID ..	<i>Grant Allen ..</i>	.. The Landlady again!
MY Little GIRL	<i>Walter Besant ..</i>	.. Not Miss C - op - r.
LOVE MADE MANIFEST ..	<i>Guy Boothby ..</i>	.. More about S—w.
BLOWN TO BITS	<i>R. M. Ballantyne ..</i>	.. 'Snarks' in the Chemy. Lab.
MARTYRS OF SCIENCE ..	<i>Sir David Brewster ..</i>	Messrs. In - old and Re - v - s.
HOME WORK FOR Willing HEARTS	<i>Mrs. Brightwen ..</i>	.. I don't think.
THE MANXMAN	<i>Hall Caine ..</i>	.. Mr. K - lly.
NO FRIEND LIKE A SISTER	<i>Rosa N. Carey ..</i>	.. One of the Women Student's Articles of Religion.
FATHER PERRY	<i>Aloysius J. Cortte ..</i>	.. Mr. P - rry.
TALKS WITH YOUNG MEN	<i>Dr. Davidson ..</i>	.. Under the Clock in the Entrance Hall.
A BIT OF A FOOL	<i>Sir Robert Peel ..</i>	.. A certain first year normal.
THE GIRL WITH THE RED HAIR	<i>Max Pemberton ..</i>	.. Miss —
THE FOOD OF THE GODS	<i>H. G. Wells ..</i>	.. The Bun-boy's pork-pies.
THE LUNATIC AT LARGE	<i>C. T. Storer ..</i>	.. "Snarks" in smashing mood.
AFTER DARK	<i>W. Collins ..</i>	.. (Inquires can be addressed to Mr. Bell, c/o The Secretary).
CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE	<i>I. Disraeli ..</i>	.. "English Essay" terminal Exam. papers.

ELBOW ROOM AND OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY	<i>Max Adler</i> Common Room Scrums
SUNDAY LECTURES TO <i>Working Men</i>	.. <i>H. S. Brown</i> C.U. Addresses ?
THE WIERD PICTURE	.. <i>J. R. Carling</i> When " Mick " does not do the posters.
A MENTAL STRUGGLE .. OUR GREATEST LIVING SOLDIERS ..	<i>Mrs. Hungerford</i> <i>Charles R. Low</i> Digesting " Thring." .. Needless to say, the Coll. Corps.
CERTIFICATE QUESTIONS AND SOLUTIONS	.. <i>Moffatt</i> Recommended to 2nd year people
A BORN SOLDIER	.. <i>John S. Winter</i> Mr. Ur—ell.
THE UNHOLY WISH	.. <i>Mrs. H. Ward</i> Thoughts concerning the ultimate end of those who set ter- minals.
A PIECE OF COAL	.. <i>E. A. Martin</i> Often required in the Chem. Lecture Room on cold mornings
COMPANY FOR GEORGE..	<i>Warren Bell</i> Readers please consult Mr. Jacobs.
THIS WAY OF TRANS- GRESSORS <i>C. L. Dawe</i> The road to a certain Professor's room.
POWER OF THE KEYS	.. <i>S. C. Grier</i> Wanted when waiting for George at 11.15.
NIGHTS WITH THE " GODS "	.. <i>E. Reich</i> Recollections of <i>Hamlet</i> at the " Grand."
MAN WITH THE WOODEN FACE <i>F. Reynolds</i> Mr. —.
Light REFRESHMENT	.. <i>W. Pett Ridge</i> Enjoyed by Mr. Ur—ll at Sci. Soc. Teas.
ALL THAT A MAN HATH	<i>Stanton & Hoshen</i> Thoughts of a Student when laying down his last penny for " blinders,"
TERESA <i>E. A. Zangwill</i> Gone, but not forgotten!
CHOSEN OF THE GODS ..	<i>A. Soutar</i> Mr. Price — for the Junior Inspectorship.

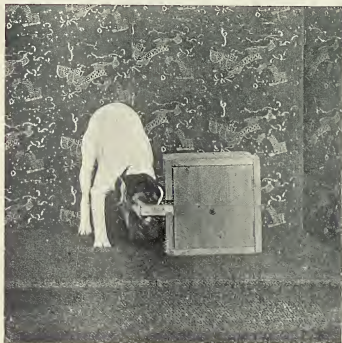
A WELL KNOWN DOG.

* * *

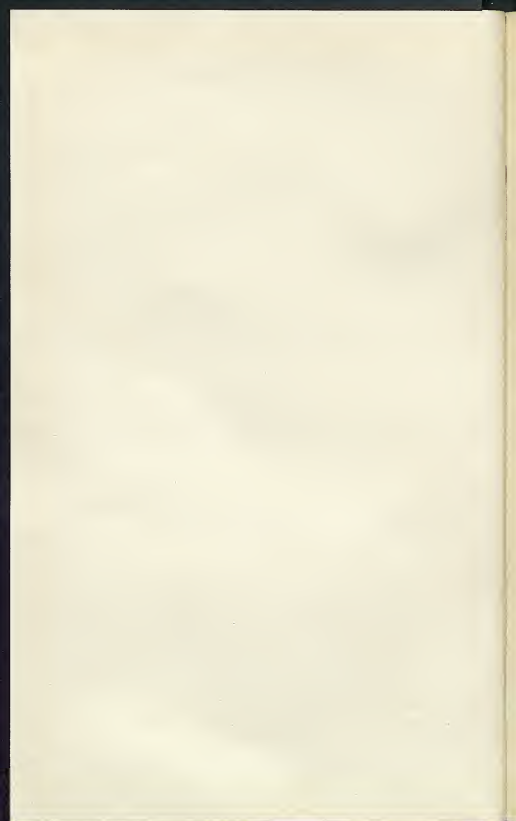
HE is clever. Some people say the most intelligent animal they have ever met. Their standard is false; but to prove this, would take up too much space. At the word of command he will do any one of thirteen tricks, as complicated as mounting the music stool at the word "play," with his fore paws on the keys; raising his head, and uttering some rather ineffective howls, when told to "sing."

Can he reason? Clearly, everything depends upon the definition of the term. He can compare one sensory presentation with another, and draw an inference. This is concrete, or as I prefer to call it, "sensory" thought. When his master puts on his hat, he anticipates all the pleasures of a run. Is he capable of abstract thought of even the simplest kind? He can compare one thing with another thing. Can he compare an inference with an inference; put two and two together, as it is commonly phrased? To test this we taught him to open a box by lifting a latch. A spring inside the box jerked the door open. For two months he was made to do this "trick" many times every day, until, long before the end of this period, he never saw the box, shut, without opening it, no matter where it was placed, in the house or in the garden.

One morning, whilst he was having a run in the garden, the box was placed in his own yard where he was accustomed to be fed. In the box was a mutton chop, hot from the grill. After his run he accompanied us to an upper room over-looking the yard, but soon left us, to investigate the appetising odour which was wafted from below. When he saw the box he lowered his head as if to lift the latch, from force of habit, but the rich scent of the meat distracted his attention. After that he bit the box and scrabbled it about with his paws, at intervals for half an hour, but showed no inclination to lift the latch. At last he gave up the problem in disgust, and sulked. A fortnight later he was again tested with exactly the same result, except that this time he rushed at the box without lowering his head. At the end of half an hour one of us went down to his yard. Peter walked straight from his human friend to the box, lifted the latch, took out the chop, and ate it with as little hesitation, as if he were accustomed to get his food in this way every day of his life. The human being supplied the link missing in his group of sensory presentations. Always, hitherto, he had lifted the latch to please his mistress, not to



"PETER."



get food out of the box ; although very commonly he put his head into the box to search for a possible mouse, showing that he was fully aware that an open box resulted from a lifted latch.

A dog of very pretty ways is Peter,
His mistress knows no gaze more rapt, nor sweeter,
More reverent eyes than watch her face for guiding,
In patience waiting whilst she is deciding.

His eyes are brown. His cheeks are brown and
puckered
Around a mouth which many a time has succoured
A hiding glove, or floating stick whose sinking
Would be a loss of treasure, to his thinking.

His forehead's jet is by a line divided
Of white, which ends behind a bold, decided
And well-cut nose—full volutes, straight partition—
A dog of breed ; no cur ; of race patrician.

(In this connection, we regret to mention
He is curtailed, against King John's intention
Who bade all common dogs to be " court taillé ;"
Dogs docked, and stamped in highway or in by-way ;

All civil rights lopped off, fore-doomed to slaughter
If found out hunting. How, with time, tastes alter !
Most dogs tail-shortened, as ordained by said decree,
Lay now-a-days a claim to length of pedigree).

Returning then to Peter's grace and virtue ;
I want to do him justice. Dare I hurt you
Who love all dogs, by showing hesitation
In granting proof of ratiocination ?

You say that virtue is a term in Morals—
The soul's achievement when with vice it quarrels—
In canine virtue ethics no more part take
Than do they in a herb's that heals the heart-ache.

Yet many a heart-ache has a dog's devotion
 Assuaged. No balm, or myrrh, or morphia potion
 So sure a cure for care as trust unqualified.
 How lurking doubts and fears are by it mollified !

It matters little whether automatic,
 As Huxley held, his merits ; we emphatic-
 Ally call them merits, though unwitting—
 A product of Man's training, more befitting

The men who train, to whom he owes them
 Through ages of selection, though dog shows them.
 The black patch by his tail, his sleek coat's whiteness
 Belong no more to *him*, than his politeness.

Obedient is he—with the least resistance ;
 An indication merely, not insistence,
 That when he trusts his nose, he scarcely flatters
 Himself for knowing more than you what matters.

For this we prize him, that he's individual.
 He's yours, but yet he clearly seems to bid you all
 Take note that he's himself—a will, a person—
 If rather bad at times, there's many a worse 'un.

He comes when called ; but often waits a second
 And louder call. He failed to see you beckoned
 Before you called. 'Tis just his love of scenery—
 Seen through the nose—which proves he's not
 machinery.

We all admit his company's delightful.
 Rebellious he may be, but never spiteful.
 He always wants to please and not to vex us ;
 However much his jibbing may perplex us.

He's not self-conscious, therefore cannot analyse
 The motions of his mind, nor in ours plan a rise
 Of dander, due to what we take for evil meant,
 Malice prepense, if not to pure bedevilment !

His trust is absolute, his faith unwavering,
 Through rain, through snow he follows, never
 quavering
 With fear, nor hinting doubt that, p'raps, his master
 Might find the road to food and shelter faster.

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Experience teaches dogs as well as mankind
When church bells ring, they very soon a ban find
Is put on all amusements. Closed the front door.
Decorum reigns. 'Tis clear they must not hunt more.

Town life led Peter to the firm conviction,
Trees blossom cats. It is his dearest fiction
He too can climb. He's always in a flurry
To scale a tree, in search of something furry.

A squirrel, yesterday, he had the pleasure
Of nearly catching, mounted with such leisure,
Such insolent indifference to his yelping,
He hauled himself a long way up, teeth helping.

To-day he spied, upon a bank, a rabbit
Half sleeping in the sun. He dashed to nab it
When, bunny still more quickly disappearing,
He looked most foolish, 'gainst a tree uprearing.

Himself, all eyes for something moving
Amongst its branches. His experience proving
That this is where to look for cats, whose habits
He understands much better than a rabbit's.

Yet none who know him doubt that P's a clever dog ;
While some, who've seen his tricks, assert that never
dog
Has learned a longer list, though pointer, setter,
Or other dog of one trick does that better.

We've said enough to prove that he can reason.
He hunts a cat. It vanishes. He sees on
The nearest tree, the cat, and henceforth argues
That smelling, nose to ground, is not of large use

In hunting cats. If kennelled near a warren,
He would have learned that climbing trees is foreign
To furry game. Instead of playing bo-peep
Behind their trunks, their instinct makes them go
deep

Beneath the ground, and thus escape dogs' clutches.
 In asking "can dogs reason"? clearly much is
 Dependent on the phrase's connotation.
 A dog, just like a man, has his vocation.

'Tis hunting cats. At this his wits are keener
 Than man's; for dog's mind has its own arena.
 But if you set him tasks which only human
 Experience deals with, will he prove a true man?

Suppose he's learned to gain an end in his way,
 Then alter the conditions, so that this way
 No longer is the best. Now show him your plan,
 And see if he will know his own's a poor plan?

Conversely, when it has become his custom
 To do a thing, arrange that now there must come
 From doing it fresh cause for satisfaction;
 Will he, for these new ends, repeat the action?

This test we set to Peter. When he knew how
 To lift a latch—a thing that he will do now
 For just the fun of seeing door fly open,
 And looking in the box; since surely no pen-

Urious thought of finding aught inside it
 Occurs to him—when once or twice he tried it
 The box was empty—that it pleases Mistress
 Is cause enough—we planned that when in distress

For want of food (he'd slept without his supper—
 Unprecedented fast for dog of upper-
 Class traditions) he finds the box all by him-
 Self, in his own yard, no human being nigh him.

And long before it's seen, his nose informs him,
 A smell's about, so rich, so brown, it warms him
 Like wine. His pulses quicken. Recent cooking
 Was better than he hoped for. He was looking

For anything to gnaw, a crust, or bone hard
 As flint, discarded refuse of his own yard.
 He sees the box. Now will he place his muzzle
 Beneath the latch, and lift it. That's the puzzle!

Can he put two and two together ; reason
 That if he lifts the latch his teeth will seize on
 The roast meat in the box ? He surely *can* find
 The answer ! No ? How very wise is mankind !

A. H.

TERRIER TUNES.

* * *

MARCHING ALONG.

The Hartley Terriers march with a swing,
 Forgotten are Barrell, Rose and Old Thring ;
 And, fix'd up in khaki in which they can't stoop,
 When they come to the Clump their tongues downward droop.

Marching along, fifty-files strong,
 Big-footed scowbankers who sing the Coll. song.

Hurrah for the camp ! to Hades with work
 (That is the place for beggars who shirk)
 Baddesley, good cheer ! Coll. Terriers are near !
 Oh for a pint of "Thatched Cottage" beer ! !

Chorus—Marching along, etc.

Then away with Barrell ; his obsequies knell,
 Serve Arnold, and Thring, and Bacon as well.
 Collegers up ! lips from the cup,
 No buns from the bun-boy, nor bite take nor sup,
 Till you're

Chorus—Marching along, etc.

THE SHEARS.

* * *

HE was a Student. One great desire possessed him—to contribute something to the advancement of learning.

He could not remember a time when this passion had not been the main factor in his personality. At school, his attack on the elements had brought him many prizes. He had gone up to Oxford with scholarships which almost covered his expenses there. A first in "Mods" and in "Greats" and a Chancellor's Prize distinguished his University career. These successes were preparatory or preliminary to the real work of his choice—original research, whereby he should extend the bounds of knowledge.

His taste led him to historical investigation. On grounds which, though slight, seemed to him to be sure, he conceived a theory which, if true, afforded a clear explanation of one of the most vexed questions of history. Thereupon he proceeded to seek the necessary material for a definite judgement on the matter. After some years' work at Oxford, he transferred his labours to the British Museum. For long, the subject seemed to be almost a barren one. The proportion was saddening as between the amount of reading he had to do, and that of the evidence thereby gathered, bearing, favourably or adversely, on his theory. Only an unquenchable enthusiasm, and a firm conviction of the truth of his thesis, enabled him to withstand the depressing influence of his non-success. Often he had to turn some thousands of pages for one line pertinent to his enquiry. And he was very thankful for that.

Even the strain of poverty did not subdue him. His object ideally demanded the undisturbed labour of every day. It brooked badly anything that tended to divide and disperse the energies of the enquirer. But with all the will in the world, the Student was unable to pay to his quest the tribute of a monopolised attention. He had no private means, and had recourse to examining, lecturing, and journalism for the maintenance of the existence which is the necessary basis of Life. For himself, he could hardly think of Life, save in terms of Research, so fully did the one idea possess him—so closely was he wedded to his Science, for better or for worse. Gradually he had shed such acquaintances as had formed the limited society in which he had moved. His only recreation was his daily walks to and from the British Museum and his rooms, and such other movements as were involved in his

recurring duties. Once a year he revisited his Somersetshire home, but he felt a strangeness even in the atmosphere of his own beginnings.

Doggedly he pressed on, checking with iron will each momentary tendency to misgiving. Always his faith triumphed. He was convinced that he had the secret, and was determined to wring from the records a clear and explicit confession.

And in time his faith had its reward. Gradually material of proof was accumulated in his hands, link by link the chain was forged which was to be the sign of his mastery. And with justification came to the Student the elation proper to his passion. The ambition of completion, of success, had ever been fervent in him; he had always contemplated a vindicating result; and it was with a deep joy that he approached the sight of it.

So, one evening in his room, after arranging in connected form the notes he had taken during the day, he gave himself up to thought of what was, and what was to be. He was nearing the end of labours in which he had spent the best years of his life. With the humility of the Student pure, he yet had a true appreciation of his own achievement. He knew that it would mark a distinct step forward in the interpretation of History, and, being human, he was not without a tincture of pride that it should be he and not some other who led the way. He had the joy in his uncommunicated results, but his experience would not be complete until he had given them to the world, and heard its verdict thereon. He had worked not for himself alone, but for the Republic of Learning. He anticipated the lively interest of scholars, the discussions to which his work would give rise. There would be hostile criticism—that was inevitable; but he was ready furnished with all the weapons of defence. His life for his case!

At this point, his eye fell on the white globe of the lamp on the table. The tide of thought ebbed somewhat. As he gazed at the globe, all else in the room seemed to disappear. The globe itself became vaguer and vaguer in outline. Gradually it extended into a long faint whiteness, and this slowly brightened and put on shape, until lo! the white-robed figure of Truth stood before the Student.

Answering his challenge, the figure spoke:

"Think not of labour's end, of ambition achieved. It is nothing. Man must be content to labour, though no results come to crown his toil. Labour is enough in itself, if its aim be good. Thou has worked well, because thou hast done what

seemedst best to thee. Thou has lived in the search for Truth, and the hope of extending knowledge amongst men. It is well. Thinkest thou that if thou knewest the end, thy cup of joy would be full? Enough for the Truth-seeker be the joy of the way. Thou hast sought Truth. Thy reward hath been, and is now."

* * * * *

In the morning, when the landlady visited the Student's room, she found him sitting with head on hand, turned towards the lamp, which was still burning. She spoke to him. No reply. Alarmed, she shook him. There was no awakening.

For the Truth had set him free.

AFTER BROWNING—(After midnight).

* * *

Tune—"AULD LANG SYNE.

Ten Soccer chaps
Have got their caps
For Soccer or for sport:
And others who deserve 'em
Haven't got 'em
Tho' they ought.

Will they not give caps
To the P.S. chaps
Who've come down every term?
'Cause if they do
There's me and you
In "dipping" we are firm.

Now give three cheers
And call for beers
For those who've WON their caps.
And me and you
Will play Soccer too,
And we'll get ours—PERHAPS.

ELYSIUM, 1912. x x

* * *

"It is almost certain that there will be some rain." So prophesied the official handbook, and never did "Mother Shipton" nor "Old Moore" predict the advent of a dire calamity with such candour, such confidence, and such verity as did the General Secretary, the amiable T². Tuesday, July 23rd, in the Year of Grace 1912, ushered in a week of shower upon shower, torrent upon torrent, deluge upon deluge, and cataract upon cataract. Swamps and marshes a speciality! Well-watered meadows on the shortest notice!! Students supplied with saturated samples from the Sunny South!!! There certainly was "some rain," but we were not discouraged; it only fell in "spots."

Marquees were flooded out, palliasses drenched, mess tent under water, manager's tent just visible, soccer field an open-air swimming bath, and—it was just the greatest, jolliest, most absolutely ripping top-hole kind of time ever spent in or out of camp. As the rain flowed, the conversation flowed the quicker; the yarns became more interesting; the revels increased apace; the laughter became more infectious, and—the appetite rose mightily.

On the 23rd specials were continually steaming into Butterley. By the time one arrived at Derby, even coach upon coach had been added, and there was an imposing array of fair women and brave men, all Swanwick-bound, and each with his or her portmanteau decorated with the typical red label. Already British reserve had been thawed by British cordiality, and jokes and chocolates were exchanged. Butterley at last! Windows rattle down in their sashes, heads are thrust out, and we obtain our first idea of the future in store for us from the motley crowd on the platform. Men and women in all stages of dress, or rather undress, in every imaginable type of headgear, from the brilliant fez to the stately turban, the colonial wide-awake, the panto-hat or the forage cap, are rowdily awaiting the advent of the freshers. In the midst of this vision of youthful gaiety, one is awakened by the sight of a familiar face, covered with a large-sized hat and a larger grin (which is impossible), and a welcome palm is grasped and firmly shaken to the accompaniment of a hearty "How the Dickens are you, old man?"

And so here we are—for better or worse. We have come to see. We take the proverbial "short cut" to camp across endless fields and over every conceivable stile

which man has been ingenious enough to contrive, in order to baffle the wiles of wandering cattle, or the innocent perambulations of youthful nature students. As we enter by the meandering path at the top of the estate, we are in a fit position to take in the beauty of the scene. In front of us lies the Hayes, which is an attractive mansion capable of holding 300 persons in addition to the domestic staff (*v. guide book*). On our right, a snug little summer house is seen nestling in copious foliage, and here it is that subsequently one has many delightful conversations which leave their impress for all time. Descending in terraces, the park stretches away to the meeting tent on the right, the soccer field in front, and away in the distance the bell tents, the marquees, the mess tent, the canteen, etc., of Camp-town. To once more quote the guide book: "The park itself is well timbered (it is obviously unnecessary to add 'well watered'), and forms a delightful camping ground. The country in the neighbourhood is undulating, rising sharply to the hills above Matlock and the Derwent Valley."

At this juncture the H.U.C. men's delegation find that their own particular tent has been fortunately, or unfortunately, flooded out, and they learn that they have to "straw down" on the floor of the Conference Hall. Without a shadow of a doubt—in the words of the poet—things are looking up with a vengeance. Off we go to the Blanket Officer to each obtain his couple of Regulation, moth-eaten, well-darned, well-ventilated, but well-aired Army blankets. But the dusty, musty, fusty blankets are more than compensated by the sight of the dread B.O.'s face. This much-scared official is none other than one Richard Preston Dyer, old "Grin under the Hat," the genial happy-go-lucky, don't-care-a-hang-come-what-may Secretary of the Liverpool University C.U. Once again we are in clover, and many times during our stay we are to be indebted to thee, oh, Blankets! for many an opportune counsel, for much friendly intercourse, for many a sparkling jest, for many a pipe of Chairman, and for much "white bread, brown bread, marmalade and jam." We are awakened from our reverie by the welcome notes of the "Cook House." As the bugle rings out we troop into the mess tent, all increasingly curious, increasingly interested, and increasingly hungry. Already we forget we are from Hartley. On our left is a fellow from Wales, on our right, one from Scotland, over the way the man with the green badge is from Central China. No introductions are necessary. None are wanted. Each man wears a badge with his name and college, and that serves for more than any visiting card. Constant

witticisms are exchanged in the intervals at table. Ham gives places to salad, bread and butter to bread and squish, bread and squish to bread and squash, and bread and squash to cake. When one messed last week with seven other fellows on the ground of a bell tent on Salisbury Plain, one felt more reconciled to one's present surroundings. But already the Sword of Damocles, or rather the blue pencil of the editor, is suspended by a thread over my swan-like neck. I hasten to my muttuns. One cannot possibly make this apology for a report without mentioning the first night in camp. The Oxford, the Cambridge, the Edinburgh marquees are evidently water-tight and in good condition. But at the Conference Hall, 140 men turned out of house and home, are making serious preparations for the night. Palliasses are shaken into comfortable masses, blankets are converted into sleeping bags, togs are folded into pillows, and mirrors are suspended from the walls. (Avaunt, Narcissus! Wer't never shaved?) We are divided into companies, and our contingent prides itself on having bagged a cosy corner. After company prayers, and between "Last Post" and "Lights Out" we are at once enthralled and mystified by the singing of the waits in the shape of Welsh students. Natural curiosity tempts one to enquire if the Welsh students are singing in Cockney or Esperanto, but our innate politeness and our secret delight overcomes all such natural tendencies. Hardly have the last strains of the Welsh incantations died away, and consequently as the 3 speed gear of our cerebrumatic Think-tank is just regaining the normal, our company officer orders "lights out." But we do not immediately sink into oblivion. Morpheus does not yet crown our little heads with golden slumbers. Far from it. No.

"The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs,
The deep moans round with many voices."

But repose is not for us. Prolonged cat-calls, wierd shrieks, vivid imitations of every farm yard animal, are destined to distract our company officer far into the morning. Rough luck, old man! Deal gently, Coll.! How can one possibly describe the half of what happened in the ensuing days! By the time we had been there for 24 hours, so much had passed that one felt like an old campaigner, and put on airs accordingly. Words fail one in endeavouring to adequately describe the joys of tubbing in the open, of rising with the reveillé (fact), of strolling over hill and dale in merely a sweater and soccer shorts; of doing orderly or piquet duty; and of yarning with all manner of dons and students from all manner of

places, on all manner of topics. All these things which are even much more than a reminiscence, helped to form the atmosphere of goodwill, of humour, of sincerity, and of refreshing comradeship which must live for all time in the lives of those present. It is there more than anywhere else, perhaps, that we learn that

"Religion is nothing if not natural."

Then one must mention the pic-nics made to Haddon Hall and Chatsworth House on the one beautiful day of the seven; how one unsociable member of the H.U.C. delegation dared to depart with the aforementioned Blanket Officer to Chatsworth House while the other eight were sitting contentedly on the lawn at Haddon merrily chirping away at various Coll. ditties; or how both parties travelled back to camp together beguiling the weary way with ye old fashioned game of Tipitoe. In this connection, one might also add how dear are the glories of Wingfield Manor to more than one member of the same delegation. 'Twas ever thus! As one writes, the whole scene comes up before one; the Federation Meeting with so representative delegates from every quarter of the globe; the informal sectional meeting with short speeches and long teas; the morning tubbing; the evening strolls; the practical jokes and the general good feeling are all closely interwoven with all other features so dear to memory. Sports Day was a huge success, despite the rain. The Edinburgh Women's Comb and Tissue Paper Band, headed by the gallant Drum Major in Tartans, proved a source of great encouragement to the Edinburgh men. The races, the cock fighting, the pole riding were productive of uproarious shrieks of laughter. But possibly the event which more than any other impressed one with the joy of living was the farewell supper. The long mess-tent is dimly lighted by a line of swinging lamps. Six long tables reach from one end of the marquée to the other. Supper is over, even the orderlies have had sufficient to eat, and everyone is waiting with a strained expectancy for they know not what. And now to set the ball rolling, popular celebrities are clamorously made to stand on the supper table and speechify. Up they go one after another. First is old Shir-Ajian, the diminutive good natured Armenian. His baggy trousers remind one of his stump speech on Sports Day, the subject being "Trousers," and a rattling good speech it was. There he stands in his scarlet fez, his dark face literally exuding a mixture of merriment and regret at parting. He tells us after preliminary banter how the people of his country look upon Great Britain as being infinitely great, and how he will tell them of

Swanwick, and of the greatest thing in Great Britain—the Student Christian Movement. Bravo, Shir Ajian!; and 400 voices burst forth “For he’s a jolly good fellow.” Then up gets Pastor Le Seaux. He tells us amid laughter how he had always known that Britons were proud of the water round their coasts, but never had they known before how they cherished the water within their coasts. (It is almost certain that there was some rain). His place is now taken by ‘Laverdespoop,’ whose name is a mystery, but who ever ready to comply, now stands on the table and leads with great vigour the singing of “AY Laverdespoop, etc. The encores showered upon him threaten to split the marquee. He in turn is succeeded by the Bohemian, Peck, who is a great favourite with the Hartley folk at the Hayes, especially at supper. Finally old “grin-under-the-hat,” the Blanket Officer, is called up and informs us drily that blankets may still be had two for sixpence, one for threepence. And so we have arrived at our last night in Camp, but once again our golden slumbers are rudely broken. At 2 something a.m. we are aroused from placid repose by blood-curdling shrieks. Half opening our weary lids we perceive lights flashing, and forms struggling desperately at the other end of the Hall. It is merely the Lincoln men who have come up from Camp to “rough house” and they are doing their work well, emptying beds in half the time it takes to fill them. Eventually they beat a hasty retreat, and we sink to sleep to dream of Swanwick, 1913, with its happy possibilities. Swanwick is too good a thing to keep to oneself. We want to share it with you. Will you not join us under canvas in the last week of July? Let us send enough men to fill an H.U.C. marquee, and we will show the world and his wife the latest thing in war-cries. Dinna forget!



THERMOMETER MAD. ❧ ❧

* * *

Caution.—No arts student may attempt this article.
All science students must attempt it.

GENTLE READER,

The author of this article in common with Swedenborg, Maeterlink and Browning has the art of hiding his philosophy. He does not care if the ordinary sort of person utterly fails to understand him, for he writes solely for those of superior mental capacity. He would therefore warn you not to apply such terms as drivel and rubbish to this article, because you cannot understand it or see its philosophy. Do not show any anxiety as to the author's state of mind, for "he's all right," but rather pause to consider what is wrong with your own cerebral wheels and to discover what would be the best lubricant for making them more frictionless. For of a surety the best test of intelligence is, to see whether you do or do not understand the author's writings. Having delivered himself of these preliminary cautions, the author hopes that you will understand his story, or make room for those who can understand it.

One of the most successful cinematograph films at present showing is called "Thermometer Mad." It is a very amusing film, judging from the shrieks of laughter of the thousands who see it, but it is a very sad film for those of us who know the facts of the case.

Like many another great tragedy it had a small beginning. One day a certain lecturer emphasized the importance of Observation. This caused the subject of this article, who was a member of his class, to buy a thermometer with the fixed resolve to observe anything which mortal man could observe with this instrument. In fact, he determined that he would be the greatest living authority on thermometric observations. As a preliminary exercise, just to get into his stride, he hung it outside his bedroom window and took the temperature every six hours, namely, at half-past seven in the morning, at half-past one on his return from College, again at half-past seven in the evening, and a final reading at half-past one in the morning. For this last reading an alarm clock was necessary in order to wake him up.

If any of our readers think that matters stopped here they are grievously mistaken.

The next step which our hero took was to buy another and still more delicate thermometer, and it was this thermometer which proved his undoing. At the beginning, however, the problems which he set himself to solve were eminently sane and practical. He succeeded in proving that Room No. 27 had the highest temperature and the Committee Room the lowest. The Hall, however, baffled his ingenuity, as the thermometer would not register such low temperatures.

Having tested each room in the College, he presented each member of the staff with a graph of his results, and great was the rush to secure the most delectable rooms.

His next research was to stand at the College entrance before 9 a.m. and take the temperature of each student in order to see how it depended on the distance of his rooms from the College, on his rate of walking, or crawling, or cycling, and on whether he was in love or not. Without going fully into the particulars, suffice it to say that after making the necessary allowance for distance, rate and other minor factors, he was able to state positively whether a person was in love or not. It was found that a startlingly high percentage, namely, nine decimal nine recurring, were suffering from this nearly incurable disease.

He next took the temperature of each student's forehead, (a) immediately before, (b) immediately after a dose of Barrell. But his results were vitiated by the coyness of the women students, for it was impossible to say in their case whether the rise in temperature was due to Barrell or to our hero.

It is much to be feared, however, that this constant reading of thermometers upset his mental balance.

The climax came at a Sci-Soc. tea. He was possessed with an inordinate desire to find the temperature of the tea in each cup.

After vainly pleading with the presiding ladies for the required permission, he determined to use force, and in the scuffle that ensued his thermometer was smashed.

This was too heavy a blow for him, for ever afterwards he is to be seen with a thermometer walking into cafés and dipping it in people's tea, climbing houses and finding the temperature outside people's windows, or asking strangers in the street if they are reading Barrell. Such extraordinary conduct was the result of seeing the cinema film.

His friends have recently tried to take away from him his supply of thermometers, and they requested shopkeepers not to

sell them to him. As a last resource, he tried to bribe Mr. F-l-d-r, but as that gentleman was obdurate, the last account of him is that he is wasting by degrees.

NOTE.—After writing the last two words the author has found it necessary to remain in hiding.

ACTS OF THE STUDENTS.

✦ ✦ ✦

AND it came to pass that the tribe of the Suffragettes journeyed unto Southampton, which is nigh unto Woolston. And they raised up their voices against Man and his Institutions. And there abode in that city certain base fellows, who, when they had heard that which had come to pass, gathered together in one place and with one accord, and none knew what to make of it. And the students arose and girded up their loins and they sang a song of victory. And one, Annie, of the tribe of Shouters, departed thence immediately unto a place of safety, even unto a place called Bargate in that city. Wherefore the students strove with the Officers of the Law and prevailed against them; and of the chairs three score and ten were broken. And it became a Place of Desolation and it is there even unto this day. Wherefore the people called that place Ogle, which being interpreted means a Place of Sorrow. Then these base fellows journeyed North unto a Place of many Books and called with a mighty voice even unto their gods who sit upon the Misty Mountains. And this was the cry, "Are there any bones in tripe?"

SAYINGS APROPOS.

"The next best thing to being witty oneself is to
quote another's wit."

MICK'S DRAWING.

"Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora fingit."

Virgil.

ELECTION.

"Alors ils se mirent à courir étourdiment par la chambre, criant, chantant, faisant beaucoup de bruit, se donnant à la table et aux chaises des coups qu'ils avaient grand soin de modérer."

Taine.

MR. TH-M-S'S MOTTO.

"Punctuality is the thief of time."

MR. TH-M-S TO EDITOR.

"Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shafts flew thrice and thrice my peace was slain."

MR. DENIS M-R-R-Y.

"We toil and ease alternate share,
Books, and the converse of the fair."

MAGAZINE SCANDAL.

"The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed."

MR. GLOVER (AT PERFORMANCE OF "HAMLET").

"Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant."

"Two Gentlemen of Verona."

STUDENTS AFTER SEEING "HAMLET."

"Many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-night,
They have driven sleep from mine eyes away."

Longfellow—"Christus. The Golden Legend."

MR. BRADBURY.

"I love the night the most because she brings
My love to me in dreams which scarcely die."

Bailey—"Festus."

MR. GEORGE.

"The name that dwells on every tongue
No minstrel needs."

Don Jorge Manrique—"Coplas de Manrique."

MR. LEIGH (P.C. 99).

"I must to the barber's: for methinks, I am
Marvellous hairy about the face."

"Midsummer Night's Dream."

MR. SPARKS.

"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright."

"Henry VI.," Part II.

MR. PRICE.

"The object of oratory alone is not truth, but persuasion."

Macaulay—"Essay on the Athenian Orators."

MR. BRUCE.

"Oh! there is something in that voice that reaches
The inmost recesses of my spirit."

Longfellow—"Christus."

MR. BRADBURY.

"Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful."

"Midsummer Night's Dream."

IN SCHOOL PRAC.

"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."

"Julius Cæsar."

MR. LEW-S, SPEECHMAKING IN COMMON ROOM.

"Hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear."

"Julius Cæsar."



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MR. AGATE.

"If a man's wit be wandering let him study the mathematics."

MR. DANIELS.

"To spend too much time in studies is sloth."

THE S——.

"Those old men, those plodding grave pedants
Forget the course of youth."

THE JUNIORS.

"Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise."

SATURDAY DRILL.

"Hark!
Tramp of men and quick commands!"

M. Arnold.

JOHNNY R., BEFORE LAST TERMINALS.

"He smoked—no wonder he lost his health!"

Browning—"House."

MR. CLARK.

"Ye could not read the marvel in his eye,
The still serene abstraction."

Tennyson—"The Mystic."

MR. U-SELL.

"As hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much."

"Twelfth Night."

STUDENTS ON FIRST COMING TO SOUTHAMPTON.

" . . . First, go see your lodging.

Let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and things of fame
Which do renown this city."

"Twelfth Night."

TO MR. MARSHALL.

"And Ferdy by her lovely side
In youthful beauty glows."

Moore.

TO MISS FOOT AT INTERVAL.

"There studious let me sit."

Thomson—"Winter."

TO MR. JAMES.

"And still the wonder grew that one small heart had room for all he knew."

TO MR. CLEARY.

"We take no note of time."

Young—"Night Thoughts."

TO THE HARTLEY STUDENTS.

"A hardy race of mortals trained to sports."

Lucretius.

MR. JAMES.

The great "I are" (I. R.)

TO MR. TULLEY.

"He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."

Franklin—"The Whistle."

TO THE UNKNOWN WHO FREQUENTS THE
CORRIDORS DURING LECTURES.

"If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leave our houses let us count our spoons."

Ibid.

TO PROFESSORS AND LECTURERS.

"A man ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him no good."

"Life of Johnson Boswell."

MR. KITE, WHEN ASKING FOR MIXED PHYS.

"Their cause I plead—plead it in heart and mind,
A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

"Prologue on quitting the Stage."

TO MR. BRADBURY.

"That fellow seems to me to possess but one idea, and that a wrong one."

TO MR. WARD WHEN SOLICITING "COPY."

"All the ills and curses which can afflict mankind come from London."

Napoleon.

TO CERTAIN STUDENTS.

"No man at one time can be wise and love."

Hesperides.

SENTIMENTS EXPRESSED BY CERTAIN STUDENTS DURING
A CERTAIN MATHS. LECTURE (?).

"Ah, me! we wound where we never intended to strike;
we create anger where we never meant harm; and these
thoughts are the thorns in our cushion."

"Vanity Fair."

DIGS.

"Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots?"

"The Kettlebuoys on the Rhine."

MR. L'ANSON.

"He had only one vanity, he thought he could give advice
better than any other person."

Mark Twain.

MR. JOWITT TO MR. LEWIS.

"Brother! brother, we are both in the wrong."

Ibid.

SMOKERS.

"A careless song with a little nonsense in it now and then
does not unbecome a monarch."

Ibid.

STUDENTS TO MAG. SEC. ON SEEING MAG. POSTER.

"Story! God bless you! I have none no tell Sir."

The friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder.

MR. JACOBS.

"For thy sake, tobacco, I
Would do anything but die."

Lamb.

THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE.

"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote."

Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

MR. PRICE AT DEBATES.

"I am in earnest, I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; I will be heard!"

TO THE MUSIC INSPECTOR.

"Why should the Devil have all the good tunes?"

Rowland Hill.

BALCONY PROWLERS AT SOIRÉES.

"All we ask is to be left alone" (together).

Jefferson Davis.

MR. LAKE.

"I am very fond of the company of ladies, I like their beauty, I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity and I like their silence.

Seward.

HOW A READER REGARDS ARTICLE WRITERS IN THE MAG.

"You write with ease to show your breeding,
But easy writing's curst hard reading."

Clio's Protest.

MR. LANE.

"He waxes desperate with imagination."

MR. CLEARY.

"Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil."

Lotos Eaters.

UNTHINKABLES.

* * *

THAT the Engineers should ever start work in the Drawing Office at 2.30 p.m. sharp.

THAT Messrs. L—tt and Al—d should come to Coll. without their umbrellas.

THAT third year men should teach first and second year Students how to behave in public.

THAT ten soccer "caps" should be all-round sports.

THAT Mr. R—th—y should have recovered.

THAT Mr. Tulley should go to the "Scotch gathering."

HEATHEN UNION. x x x

No hypocrisy! No deceit!! No sham!!!

+ + +

THIS Union, which has been inaugurated but a short time, has met with great success. Its objects are to strive against the growing spirit of Hypocrisy. Praying Mats and Toss Sticks are provided free of cost. The first meeting was held on the 23rd, when Charles Peace gave an address on "Hypocrisy." He said that the ideal of every student ought to reach a standard equal to that of the "Hooded Man."

The following Friday Jack-the-Ripper made a few pithy remarks on deceit.

On Sunday last our meetings for this term came to a close with an address on "Sham" by the Eloping Vicar. He was sorry to see certain students were leading a life of Sham.

Next term the following gentlemen (?) have promised to address us:—Palmer the Poisoner, Sweeney Todd, and Peter the Painter.

A SUGGESTED COURSE IN LION-TAMING.

* * *

Professor: Wallace Leo, of the Jungle Academy.

There will be two stages—Elementary and Advanced.

ELEMENTARY.

Lions and their varieties. How to tell a British Lion. The Blue Lion. The Old Red Lion. The Society Lion. The Forest-bred or Noble Lion.

The anatomy of the lion. How to distinguish a lion from an ass. Dentistry.

How to comb, curry, frizzle, and beard a lion. Topography of the lion's den.

Manners of the lion. Roars and their significance.

How to tell when the beast is empty, in love, etc.

Care and nursing of lions.

What to do with the injured or dead lions.

Good sausage-meat mixtures.

Anecdotes and useful tall stories about lions.

The elements of swank.

Text-book, "The Lion's Provider."

For this course, which is suitable for young people, a large stuffed, life-like animal will be provided.

ADVANCED STAGE.

For this stage we have procured several active, but amiable beasts from Messrs. Bostock, of London.

How to attract the lion's attention.

The power of the human eye.

J

How to pacify a lion. (For this purpose the management has arranged that several plump, juicy lab.-boys will be available.)

Methods of approach.

How to enter the cage with *aplomb* and leave it with an appearance of dignity. Whips and their uses. Tickling ye old he-lion.

Vulnerable spots. Good grips. Jiu-jitsu. Acrobatics. Twisting the lion's tail.

In the lion's mouth,—a general survey.

How to rear young lions. The management of incubators. The training of cubs.

Text-books:—"Andronicus and the Lion;" "The Lion and the Unicorn."

For the advanced course students will work in sets of two or three per lion.

To obtain the practical certificate, students will be required to swing a full-grown lion by the tail for five minutes to the satisfaction of the inspector.

Students holding our certificates will be found useful and interesting employment in Africa and elsewhere.

A. E.

WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW,—

Of Mr. James, was he born great or was his greatness thrust upon him.

Whether P.S. men will get caps.

Who said so?

Why Mick did not get a cap.

If he spoilt two good voices.

QUAINT OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.

No. 2.—"Giving a Crit."

* * *

MISS PALLAS ATHENE, who does most of the talking in the W.C.R., and sneers at "woman's sphere" and other shackles imposed upon triumphant womanhood by the tyrant Man, had an idea for her "Crit." A scintillating youth, one of the wise men from the East(leigh), had introduced a novelty into his criticism lesson, and Miss P. A. thereupon swore, or rather asseverated vehemently (they never swear in the W.C.R.) that she would go one better, and shew the brutish sex that the genius of emancipated and glorious femininity was in no way inferior to the debased and sottish cunning of the Male.

The assembled W.C.R. assented with a shout as they sat around nibbling their mid-day buns and conning their two hundred lines. Thereupon Pallas Athene fared silently along the Western Shore of the sweet-smelling sea, in order to get her mind saturated with the proper atmosphere for a lesson on "Canute rebuking the C'nuts."

Our Special Commissioner, disguised as a plasticine model of the Isle of Wight, was present at that Crit. And we can assure our readers that the account hereto appended is as true as anything in the Magazine.

It was a typical English summer afternoon, the rain fell in torrents and the bitter north wind was sharper than a serpent's tooth or a safety razor when Miss Athene, supported by "A" Company of the Hostel Territorials, advanced in échelon upon a certain Public Elementary School (Infants' Department). As each member of the determined, though drenched, band came into view it was apparent from the amount of lumber secreted under their several "Macs" that "the teacher had her apparatus well prepared." In fact, one worthy son of toil who was busy sitting on a tram rail thinking about work had occasion to remark that they "reminded he of the adjectival Israelites a-coming up out of h'Egypt."

However, to cut a long story short (though in the Easter Number one is usually allowed a little latitude, Mr. Editor, and, besides, you must let me tell this story in my own way) try to imagine the critical band in possession, and Miss Athene facing a class of 60 mixed (very) infants.

Her style is what is professionally known as an "animated teaching manner," it reminds the lay observer of a revivalist-preacher-cum-auctioneer, with just a dash of Territorial drill sergeant.

TEACHER: "Now, children. Hands on shoulders! Up! Shoulders! Heads! Up! Out! A - - - way! Eyes on Teacher! On ceiling! On Teacher! No, Julia Miggs (*with that sweet sarcastic smile used when scoring off a small child*) teacher is not outside the window. Now we are going to have a bee—eautiful game to-day. (*Briskly*) Now, who would like to have a game? (*The mixed infants look hopelessly bored at the idea, but hands are raised perfunctorily.*) G—ood children. But before we have a game I must tell you a lo—ovely story. Now, who would like to hear a story? (*The blasé infants yawn, but with the kindly intention of encouraging the young person they again raise hands.*) Very well, then. G-o-o-d children. But before I tell you a story I want every child in the class to think. Tommy Titmouse, you're not thinking! (*Tommy swells visibly and rolls his eyes,—the official outward signs of ex-cogitation.*) G-o-o-d boy, Tommy. Class stop thinking! Now, all together. Think! As soon as every child is thinking teacher will begin to commence."

(*At this juncture the ladies-in-waiting jot down in their Criticism Note Books: "Miss Athene began in a very good way. Her manner was very good, and she spoke in a very good tone of voice. Her control was very good, but she kept one hand on the B.B., and did not use any coloured chalk. On the whole the lesson was very good. I think Miss Athene will make a very good teacher, on the whole."*)

"Now, children. Eyes on Teacher! Hands down! all of you. Hands on shoulders! On heads! Up! Out! A - - - way! Once upon a time (*darting out an accusing finger*), You, Aphrodite Buggins, what am I talking about? (*Aphrodite bites her pinafore and sniffles, whereupon the teacher, with her pincenez at the short trail, rushes forward, and carrying the gallery at the point of the bayonet, seizes the sobbing mixed infant and plants her with a bang on the floor, amid scenes of tumult and cries of "Play the game, Ref.!" and "Put 'er off!"*) Teacher returns to her post breathless, but triumphant.) Silence, children. Now listen, all of you. (*With appalling earnestness.*) Once upon a time there was a king, oh! ever so long ago. Here, Willy Groggs, what are you playing with? (*Willy surrenders the corpse of a young rat which had met an untimely death under the wheel of a cart. Babel ensues, the teacher and critics screaming, while the envious mixed infants crowd round the proud possessor of the defunct rodent and proceed to investigate their pockets with a view to barter.*) Dirty

boy—Willie. Take the d—irty thing outside, this instant, and throw it over the wall into the Boys' Playground. Dear me! where was I? Oh, yes. Well, children, this King was called Canute. Who has ever heard of Canute? Yes, you little boy."

SMALL BOY (*breathless with importance*): "Please teacher there's a pub. called 'Canute Arms.'"

TEACHER (*scandalized*): "Oh, come now, nice people do not know about public-houses."

SMALL BOY (*with conviction*): "My father does."

TEACHER (*ignoring the remark*): "Who knows anything else about Canute? Yes, you Bessie. G-o-o-d girl, Bessie."

BESSIE (*with the apologetic air of one forced to tell a chestnut*): "Oh, he was a King, and they ups and tells 'im, 'Ere, Sir, the wives would'nt wet yer feet if you was to—'"

TEACHER (*breaking in terror stricken, lest "the Formulation" should come in before "Step I."*): "Silence, Bessie! Naughty girl! Teacher has not come to that. Bessie must stay in during play time. She is a rude little girl (*glares at Bessie, who subsides crushed*). Well, Bobby, you. G-o-o-d boy, Bobbie."

BOBBIE: "Please, Teacher, there is Canute Road."

TEACHER (*rejoiced at getting the answer expected in her notes*): "V—very G—ood B—oy, Bobbie."

BOBBIE (*with apparent irrelevance*): "My father's in goal."

TEACHER: "Eyes on Teacher, children! Nonsense Bobby, what has that to do with Canute Road?"

BOBBY: (*looking round his audience to note the effect*). "That's where the cops pinched 'im, teacher, 'cos 'e put 'is bunch o' fives across a bloke's fice—ow! 'e's a oner is my Da."

TEACHER: (*trying to recall what Green and Birchenough would do, while the mixed infants transfer their homage from the possessor of the dead rat to Bobby, who sits bathed in the reflected glory of his "Da"*). "Ah! hem! dear me! Class, hands down! Up! On shoulders! Heads! Shoulders! Up! Out! A—way! (*resuming the emphatic delivery of narration, her jaws, lips, and tongue working in a way that would make Professor Rippmann take off his hat and cheer*). One d—ay King C—anute—t was walking down through the s—t—rr—eets of South—h—ampton—"

SMALL BOY (*with scorn*): "'Ere teacher, kings don't walk they takes kebs."

TEACHER (*severely*): "Hush, little boy, you must not say 'ere teacher, This was a long, long time ago, and there were no cabs."

2ND SMALL BOY (*meditatively*): "Why did'nt 'e take a taxi"?

TEACHER (*glares and resumes*): "Well, he was going down the street, and—"

3RD SMALL BOY (*visualising the scene*): "I see 'im, and the Copper at the Bargate is taking off his cap and kissing 'is 'and."

PATRICK O'SULLIVAN: "It is his toe they kisses, not his hand. St. Peter's toe is all worn off of him the way they do be kissing it."

TEACHER (*in despair*): "Oh! children, do be quiet. No, Patrick, they do not kiss Kings' toes. And, Bill, there were no policemen in those days."

(*Chorus of mixed Infants—"Hurrray!" Solo by Patrick—"Hurroo!"*)

TEACHER (*making a desperate effort to get into her stride again*): "Well, as King Canute-ah was walking-ng down to the s-sea-sh-ore, one of his courtiers,—you! what are courtiers?—G-o-o-d girl, Gladys Spludge, well Gladys?"

GLADYS (*aged six, but taking notice*): "Please teacher, it's when you goes up the common for a walk with a young feller."

SMALL BOY (*with a 'eureka' expression*): Please teacher my sister is one of them things."

TEACHER (*glancing reproachfully at the row of tittering critics, who busily apply pencil to paper and add to their notes—"Miss Athene taught fairly well on the whole. Discipline was fairly well maintained. On the whole I think Miss Athene will make a fairly good teacher, on the whole."*) "Hush Gladys, for shame! no nice girls go out with gentlemen unless they have their mothers with them. Remember that now when you grow up."

SMALL BOY: "Please Miss the 'Artley Students is courtiers 'cos I seen them."

GLADYS (*complacently*): "When I grow up I'm going to marry a beautiful Prince with jools all over his waistcoat, and pounds and pounds in the bank."

TOMMY: Wot? with a face like that! garn."

(*The teacher wrings her hands in frantic misery while the critics jot down "Miss Athene is lacking in experience, and failed to take several VERY intelligent suggestions from the class."*)

TEACHER (*pulling herself together for a last rally*): "Well children, Courtiers are people who are always with Kings, and one of them said to King Canute, 'Oh King'—sit up straight, you!—'you are lord of land and sea'—you must stop in all play-time, naughty boy!—'Oh King, even the waves would obey you.' But Canute just smiled, and ordered his pages to—stop pulling Maggie Mumford's hair!—to bring his chair down to the shore. Then he went down after them, and as he went all the people—Tommy, what did the people do? well, you? next? next? Anyone in the back row, what did the people do? Dear me, children, I am going to say that again. Attend! (*very slowly and emphatically*): what—did—the—people—do when they saw the King? (*Teacher makes an effort to curb her exasperation and continues in a 'last straw' voice*), Now children I am not going to say it again if I say it again! What does anyone do when they see the King coming out? Yes Patrick? g-o-o-o-d little Patrick!; what would you do when you see a King?"

PATRICK (*who comes of sporting stock*): "Play your ace, teacher, and collar the kitty."

TEACHER (*in a state of collapse*): "Oh no, no, Patrick, we are not talking about draughts now. Well, you wave your hats and shout "Long live King Canute." Now what do you do?"

MIXED INFANTS: We waves our 'ats and shouts "Long live King Canute."

TEACHER: "Good children." Well, when the King came to the shore, he set his chair at the edge of the sea, and ordered the waves not to come any nearer. But the waves just came on rolling in and wet his feet.

BOBBY (*awestruck at this disregard of Monarchical injunction*): "I expect the King didn't half cuss something awful."

TEACHER: "Oh no, Bobby, Kings don't use naughty words, he simply turned round to his Courtiers and said "See now there is but one Lord of the sea, the waves obey no earthly monarch."—Now children, who would like to play Canute?—silence! Back to your places! sit down, all of you! (*Teacher folds her arms and adopts a broken hearted voice*): Now children, we really must not have all this noise. Come out here, Sammy, you are sitting beautifully, such a go-o-o-d boy Sammy, you can be King Canute. (*On reversing the monarch a hiatus in his nether garments is revealed, whereupon the teacher spins him round angrily by the head and gives him a push towards his seat*). No, Sammy cannot be King. Kings are nicely dressed. Come here Percy, Percy is a nicely dressed boy. Percy shall

be King. Now I want some waves.—Well, Archie Thompson, Joe Jones and Margaret Bella Spooner, and you five on that row, you can be waves. Waves, stand! right turn! march! (claps) one, two, three, four. And I shall want some soldiers, and some pages to carry the King's chair. (*Five minutes is spent nominating the mixed infants for various posts from Archbishop of Canterbury to Crabs on the beach. Canute is provided with a paper crown two sizes too small, which has to be held on his head by the Archbishop of Canterbury and one of the waves. At last the King is seated and the Courtiers placed around him. The waves begin advancing on all fours, rising and falling in a way that would make a stage "super" green with envy.*)

TEACHER (*Stage managing*): "Now Courtiers, what do you say to the King?"

COURTIER (*disgusted at want of dramatic unity*): "We said all that to him at the Bargate."

TEACHER: "Well say it again."

COURTIERS:—"Oh King you are so powerful that even the waves would obey you."

KING CANUTE (*unconscious of plagiarism*): "You wait and see."

SOLDIER:—" 'Ere teacher, what's the good of us 'aving spears if we don't get sticking someone?"

TEACHER:—No, No, Reggie, you are to stand by and guard the King from his enemies. Now waves, hurry up, it is time you were coming in (*the waves redouble their exertions and flow round a desk straight for the throne. His majesty using his sceptre as a shillelagh orders them off, but they continue to advance. While the teacher is regulating the conduct of some of the lesser dramatic personæ a yell of anger emanates from Canute. Forgetful of dignity he leaps from his chair and belabours with sceptre an encroaching wave who has just bitten the royal calf. The guard, glad of an opportunity of displaying their loyalty, fall upon the billows with Scout staves. The Shell-fish go for the Crabs. The Mayor of Southampton blackens the Archbishop of Canterbury's eye. In the midst of the uproar the class teacher enters and manages to restore order by seizing Canute by his celluloid collar, while the Critics assist in retrieving the Prætorian Guards from the clutches of the raging elements. Then, peace being restored among the Crustacea, the Primate and his worship are made to shake hands, and the Crit is over.*)

Readers will be pleased to hear that the Critics are still unanimous in their opinion that "Miss Athene will make a fairly good teacher on the whole."



THAT the women students think that they should have been asked to attend the mens' dancing classes.

THAT they are looking forward to a united smoker in the near future.

THAT there has been a "Mick's Phiz," in spite of orders.

THAT Mr. Tomlinson has fallen into the vernacular and split his infinitive.

THAT Mr. Snow considers that men's skulls are thicker than those of women.

THAT it is presumed that he is speaking for himself.

THAT Miss T-dm-n thought that all the inhabitants of the Orkney Isles were savages.

THAT Mr. L-yc-k at School Prac., asked for some *black* chalk to mark coalfields on a map drawn on a *blackboard*.

THAT he was puzzled when told by the class-teacher to mark them with white chalk.

THAT several members of the "Piggery" have sought pastures new, and are now showing signs of corpulency.

THAT Mr. Clark let the "Black Cat" out of the bag.

THAT dress was optional at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

THAT Prof. Watkin was detained on the way down.

THAT Mr. Tr - - pe's polysyllabic versification becomes daily more incomprehensible.

THAT he will soon be suffering from "brain-fag."

THAT he took the Electrical Technology Terminal after all.

THAT Mr. Thomas answered the register twice this term.

THAT two Professors are now in danger of nervous breakdown.

THAT "Jack" is the recipient of many unstamped letters of late.

THAT Mr. R-df-d is the worry of Bob's life.

THAT the "Entente Cordiale" is as strong as ever.

THAT Mr. R-df-d will have a certain Pompey gentleman on his track soon.

THAT Mr. L—s is aspiring to the place once occupied by Mr. Houghton.

THAT Southampton is only an oasis in a desert.

THAT Northerners have long held this opinion about the South.

THAT Woolston is still a happy hunting ground for one or two Hartleyans.

THAT Freddy knows nothing at all about that celebrated place (?)

THAT we are not in the habit of making "handsome apologies" for what is written in good humour.

THAT letters concerning "mean and despicable actions" are not treated seriously.

HARTLEY BISCUITS. x x

✦ ✦ ✦

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

Burns—"On Captain Gross."



For saying:—

"She has about twenty sisters, all twins,"

Mr: Samuels takes a biscuit.

For saying:—

"In Tonic-Sol-fa spaces are either filled up
or left empty,"

Mr. Leake takes a biscuit.

For saying:—

"I cannot imagine anyone stealing Bacon's Essays,"

Miss Aubrey takes a biscuit.

For saying:—

"When you get on a tramcar, boys, what do you do with
the conductor?"

Mr. Glover takes a biscuit.

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**Special Terms to the Students of Hartley
University College.**

For saying :—

"We will first find the centre of gravity of *the portion that isn't there,*"

Prof. Watkin takes the biscuit.

For stating :—

"March is too early *this year* for a surveying camp,"

Mr. Baldwin Wiseman takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"The 'big end' of a connecting rod is *usually* larger than the 'little end,'"

Professor Eustice takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

"Mr. R - d f - d's landlady is a widower,"

Miss Easson takes a biscuit.

For translating a sentence in Tactus thus :—

"Some were shouting with joy, others with silence,"

Miss Tidman receives a biscuit.

For saying :—

"For a student to answer 'Here!' interferes with hearing,"

Mr. Crawford takes a biscuit."

For saying :—

"Point of intersection is too much of a mouthful, let us call it 'meet.'"

Prof. Watkin deserves a biscuit.

For saying :—

"This electric heating apparatus can produce the greatest heat possible" and then adding as an after-thought—"on earth."

Mr. Marle takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

"Matthew Arnold met his death through trying to catch a tramcar with his wife,"

Miss Aubrey takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

"I am as *stony* as a brick wall,"

Mr. Crickmore takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"He threw the soldiers across the Rhine,"

Mr. Crawford takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"I have to haul myself back *by the skin of my teeth*,"

Prof. Lyttel takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"You get the sound of this word in your mind's eye,"

Mr. Dudley takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"A motor car is running with a velocity of 40 kilometres per mile,"

Prof. Watkin takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"I have been attending, only I don't know where we are,"

Mr. Lett takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"I have got on behind with this preparation,"

Mr. Lett secures another biscuit.

For declaring when translating :—

"Les petites filles en pantalons brodés"—"First time I knew girls wore trousers,"

Mr. Thomas takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

"I could, if possible, bring forward proof to support my statements,"

Mr. Snow takes a biscuit.

For exclaiming :—

"Am I nice?"

Mr. Glover takes a biscuit.

For saying to a child in Mount Pleasant School :—

“ You’re cleverer than I am,”

Mr. Godden takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ I saw what I said, and I am going to keep my tongue shut,”

Miss Beresford takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ That child did not open her knees when she balanced,”

Miss Taylor takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ Don’t let your thumbs come away from your hands,”

Miss Hallett takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ Right hand up—yes, that’s the foot you have to raise,”

Miss Pitman takes a biscuit

For translating :—

“ Je suis jeune ; il est vrai,” by “ I am young ; he is old,”

Mr. Daniels takes the biscuit.



POST BAG.

* * *

TO THE EDITOR.



DEAR SIR,

There has descended on us a terrible plague. Everybody's catching it. It seems to have originated in America, and to have crept into our hitherto unmolested isle, and then spread like a prairie fire. A warning glare, followed by a feeble effort on our part to escape, and then we were caught in the fiery contagion, and became part of the mad, leaping blaze. The plague I refer to is Rag-time.

I don't profess to be free from it myself. As a matter of fact, I have it badly. For all that, the sooner I am cured, the better, therefore I indite these few lines, in the hopes that some sympathetic reader will strive to render myself, and the nation as a whole, a service. Wake up, ye chemist's labites!

Sir, to be really serious, the matter is no joke. People are going mad over Rag-time. It is depriving them of self-control and reason. I do not know whether any of my readers have beard of a certain Irishman, named Hamlet, king of Turkey. It is of small importance whether so or not, because it has got nothing whatever to do with what I am talking about.

Excuse me, gentle reader, I am wandering,—a sure sign of Rag-time. I believe I said, a moment ago, that the matter is serious. So it is. We have arrived at such a state, that we do not know what we are doing. The other day I entered a tram-car, and took my seat next to an elderly clergyman. I was very surprised when after a few minutes he turned to me and said, "Sir, you are singing Rag-time. I wish you would keep quiet; I bate it."

I mumbled an apology, and he went on preparing some sermon notes, bumming the air of "Everybody's doing It."

Let me see. What was I talking about? Oh yes! Rag-time. Talking about Everybody's doing It, reminds me of another pitiful case I heard of.

The victim was a Frenchman, who was staying at the beautiful sea-side, health-resort,—S . . . t . . . h . . . p . . . n. He got entangled in the Rag-time mesbes. At first he treated Rag-time with contempt. Newspaper boys, bakers, butchers, tailors, policemen, clerks, women, college students, lecturers and professors, yelled at him in vain. Someone commenced chanting to him, one day,

"Everybody's doing it"

"Zon do not plame me," said the Frenchman.

A few days later, however, our Frenchman was seen rushing down a street, sbrieking Rag-times by the dozen. Seeing a stalwart emissary of the law near by—it is a fact that these persons can be seen at times in certain parts of the town mentioned—he clasped him round the waist, and commenced waltzing him round the tavern yard, to the tune "Everybody's doing It." He was run in for assault and battery, and his only plea being "Everybody's doing It," he was locked up in a padded cell.

Sir, what is Rag-time? I don't know. I'm in a regular muddle, and so are others. A sailor who had been to a variety theatre, was re-counting his adventures to a friend. He remarked that he had heard "Hitchy Koo," and on being asked what it was, he made answer that it was either a Rag-time or an anthem, he was not sure which.

Now for a topical allusion. If your readers do not know what that means, I am afraid that I cannot enlighten them. The other day in my hearing, a poetic looking, long young man, with a tremendous stock of hair, said, "Who were you with last night?"

A young lady in front of him, turned round, and asserted most vigorously that she had only been with her brother.

The utter senselessness of Rag-time worries me, yet everybody's doing it. I heard a collection of splendid voices one afternoon, rendering a somewhat unknown Rag-time which seemed to me rather more weird than usual. It ran:—

Kee, kaa, koo, koh, kah,
Mee, maa, moo, moh, mah

and so on. That night I had night-mare. Again those sweet voices came to me,

Kee, kaa, koo, koh, kah,
Mee, maa, moo, moh, mah,
Kee, kaa, mee, moh, mah, mie—ow—ow. . . .

Here I awoke, and found that the cats on the tiles were indulging in Rag-time. I am losing all hope of escaping it, unless some remedy is applied. I suggest that Government instead of giving ninepence for fourpence, pays ninepence for the head of any Rag-time composer.

I'm sorry, but I can't stop to write any more, Mr. Editor, as I am billed to sing Rag-times at one of the Halls, in a half-hour's time.

Yours etc.,

AFFLIGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—

I feel I am voicing the opinions of most of the students in chemistry in the College when I protest against the unfair and relatively tremendous consideration given to the members of the final honours course.

Of course (no pun intended) we hear that such brainy individuals are to be regarded with awe, and we feel that they have a right to exclaim with Thackeray, "We are your gods; we are the ancient oracles, and no mistake;" but that "all things should be so ordered and governed" (you mark my acquaintance with the Prayer Book, I hope,) in the laboratory for their especial convenience seems, as the vulgar say, "a bit thick."

Lest you should be under any misapprehension with regard to the magnitude and importance of the final honours chemistry course, I must mention that it consists of *two* people. Just imagine, Mr. Editor—*two* human souls! Prodigious! prodigious!! However, to proceed (as they say in such advanced literature as Nanny Eden's Penny Stories, or The True Blue Library, or the Blood-stained Putty Knife). During the last term people have had their lockers frequently burst open by the industrious "Snarks" and the valiant Buxey to find flasks or beakers for the

final honours men. Also I may say with confidence that all the people who use the top balances have had their eyesight permanently injured through trying to weigh to $\frac{1}{10,000}$ part of a grain without a light.

And what on earth do you think is the cause of this lack of light? Simply, my dear Sir, that the final honours men require the electricity to make a sort of glorified milk-churn work. If you ask either of them what is the ultimate benefit to be derived from the aforesaid churn, he merely smiles sweetly, looks intelligent, and tells you—nothing.

May I be allowed, therefore, to hope that a little more consideration will be shown to the ordinary chemistry man. We cannot all be final honours men (thank heaven!), but I think a little of the lab. might be left for us, and that in the matter of consideration the *via media* might be struck.

But no, Mr. Editor, it should not be thought of! I have no right to grumble about these superior genii. I humbly beg their pardon for saying anything. Let us all assume a green apron each and serve them. Let us become like unto Buxey and Marshall, and bow before them and kiss their hands and feet. Let us whisper the name of "final honours man" with awe and wonder. Let us gaze upon them (for a cat may look at a king) in the hope that perchance some bright gleams of their genius may fall upon us and clothe us too in glory. The idea of their majesty checks my pen, I feel bewildered, awestruck, amazed,—Oh! Mr. Editor, what a delightful privilege it is to work with, and be put to inconvenience for such glorious ones as these, I swoon in contemplation—"Hasten Slave! Some brandy; I faint!"

Yours, etc.,

INTER SCIENCE.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

MEN'S BRANCH.

THE usual Sunday Afternoon Meetings have been held throughout the Term, and a series of very helpful Addresses have been listened to. Owing to the illness of Prof. Eustice he was unable to address us, but he has promised to do so next Term. Among the speakers, may be mentioned Prof. Studer, who spoke on *Thomas à Kempis*; Mr. Chas. Dibben, the *Basis* and Mr. Harold Jowitt, "*The Fact of Christ*." The Weekly Prayer Meetings are now held on Wednesday at 1 o'clock, and are much better attended. The *Day of Universal Prayer*, which is observed in almost every University and College in the World, formed a very important part of this term's programme. The Meeting of the afternoon was briefly addressed by Rev. Pearce, and then given up to intercession, for the World Federation of Student Christian Movements; the Student Volunteer Missionary Movement, etc.

The plans for next Term include two Apologetic Lectures in the College by the Rev. P. B. Clayton of Portsea on (a) *Can Thinking Men Believe?* (b) *Constructive Christianity*. We hope to get large audiences, and there will be discussions. The first Meeting will be addressed by Prof. Sutherland. Dr. Alex Hill and Prof. Eustice have also promised to address us. Besides the Bible and Missionary Circles, a Social Study Circle will be started.

E. W.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

THIS Term has been a short but full one. Soon after returning from the holidays, we received a visit from Miss R. Evans our Travelling Secretary, which lasted from Saturday, January 25th to Tuesday, January 28th.

On the Saturday afternoon a tea was held in the Common Room, after which Miss Evans talked to us about numerous interesting facts in connection with the Christian Union. Miss Evans also addressed a Meeting of the Women Students on Sunday, January 26th, dealing with very admirably with the subject of the Federation and the Basis. After the meeting the New Basis Cards were signed by all those desirous of doing so.

On the Monday afternoon a Committee Meeting was held, and in the evening of the same day a Combined one with the Men's Branch, Miss Evans being present at both and helping very much by her suggestions.

Sunday, February 24th, was observed by the Student Movement as the Universal Day of Prayer. A Combined Meeting was held in the afternoon, a short but very interesting address by Rev. Pearce, being followed by Intercession.

A Retreat was also arranged for the same day, and the Committees met in the morning for the consideration of papers and discussion, and in the evening for a Meeting of a more devotional character.

The Combined Meetings have been well attended on the whole, and have been much enjoyed.

A special effort was made during "Finance Week" to raise funds, and we were pleased to be able to send the sum of £2 7s. 6d. to Head-quarters.

A second Study Book has been commenced by two circles, "Studies in the Epistle to the Galatians," which we hope will prove as interesting as "Discipleship."

M. B.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

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THE interest shown in the meetings of the Society last term has on the whole been well maintained. The number of members who have attended have been rather less than might have been expected, but those who have come have kept the standard of the meetings at a level at least as high as it has been in the past. It is very satisfactory to be able to report a great improvement in the length and character of the discussions following the papers. In spite of the shortness of the term three meetings were held.

On Tuesday, February 4th, a meeting was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre, Mr. Marle taking the chair. There were about 40 members present. A paper on "Astronomy" was read by Mr. R. O. Street, B.A. As may be gathered from the comprehensiveness of the title, the lecturer was not embarrassed by any lack of material, and he achieved the nearly impossible feat of giving a sketch of all the main branches of the subject in a paper lasting only a little more than an hour. The historical development of the subject was first considered, and it was shown how modern principles had superseded more primitive ideas. The relative motions of the sun, moon, and earth were explained, and special attention was paid to the nature of eclipses. The chief characteristics of all the larger bodies in the Solar system was given, and laws governing their motions

were explained. In particular the lecturer gave the history of the discovery of Neptune from a consideration of small irregularities in the motion of Uranus. The nature of comets, nebulae, and even sunspots were discussed, and the whole paper was illustrated by a large number of excellent slides. The reading of the paper was followed by an interesting discussion.

A meeting was held on February 18th, Mr. Marle again taking the chair. There were about 40 members present. A paper on "Explosions" was read by Mr. G. Reeves. The lecturer first gave a brief sketch of the nature of explosive combustion, and of the kinds of chemical substance which is liable to show the phenomenon. He dealt in turn with solid, liquid, and gaseous explosives, and classified all such bodies under two heads—the wild and the tame. He pointed out that different explosives will only react to influences; e.g., some will decompose on heating, but not under concussion, and *vice-versa*. The nature and use of detonators was considered. The lecturer then showed that many apparently harmless substances are explosive when in a state of fine division,—a very striking example being the combustion of finely divided lead on exposure to the atmosphere. The explosion of coal dust was especially considered, and methods of measuring the relative explosivity of various dusts were outlined. An account was given of the principal features of explosions of gases in long tubes; and, finally, the probable chemical changes underlying the explosion of simple gaseous mixtures were explained. A large number of experiments were shown; and, in spite of the delicacy of manipulation required, almost all were completely successful, and serious damage was in no case caused to either property or life and limb.

On March 4th a meeting was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre, the Society being honoured for the first time by the presence of its new President, Dr. Hill, who took the chair. Prof. Sutherland gave a lecture on "The Romance of Bird Life" to about 45 members. He commenced by describing the special features in the structure of birds which fit them for an existence in the air, mentioning the combined lightness and rigidity of the skeleton, the general boat-like shape, and the highly developed breathing organs. He then traced the evolution of birds from prehistoric flying reptiles, and gave instances of other animals who have tried with more or less success to conquer the unstable element. He then proceeded to discuss the food of birds, which he divided into grain-eaters, insect-eaters, and flesh-eaters. In this connection he showed how large a part birds play in the economy of nature, since without their aid in destroying lower forms of life, life on this planet would soon become almost impossible for higher animals. He then dwelt with the question of the migration of birds, and described the curious views held by the ancients on the subject. He also discussed the devices such as protective colouring used by birds to escape from the notice of their enemies. He then turned to "the emotional side" of bird life, describing the gorgeous colouring and brilliant song adopted by many birds in the mating season. He also gave instances of a capacity for play and amusement in birds. In conclusion he dealt with the types of bird life which are either extinct or rapidly departing, condemning strongly on this point the cruelty of persecution of birds, either for their plumage or for the gratification of private collectors. The lecture was illustrated by many fine slides. Prof. Sutherland having to leave, the meeting was closed without discussion.

In conclusion, the best thanks of the Society are due to the Tea Subcommittee and one or two ladies and gentlemen who have very kindly assisted them in the preparation of the teas, which have considerably added to the enjoyment of the meetings.

C. S. A.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

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This Society continues to be as popular as ever. The meetings are on the whole well attended, and are of a lively and spirited character. The Juniors maintain their interest, which looks well for next year.

On November 28th the Society met the Junior Imperial and Constitutional League in an Inter-Debate, held at the Shaftesbury Hall. The motion before the House was—"That this House is in favour of Compulsory Military Training." The College opposed;—Mr. Price leading and Mr. Godden seconding him. After a very spirited debate the House divided, the Opposition (College) defeating the motion.

Professor Masom gave a Lecture on December 6th, on "Historical Novels and their use in the School." He traced the growth of the Historical Novel, and then went on to discuss its usefulness and possibilities. A very interesting and helpful discussion followed.

The Mock Election on January 24th evoked no little interest. The meetings in the M.C.R. were decidedly "political" in tone—quite in keeping with modern political meetings. However, both candidates escaped sound enough to put their case before the electors in the Large Hall at 7 p.m.

Professor Lyttel presided and there was a good attendance of members.

Mr. James first addressed the meeting, and claimed to represent the party of true progress. The Liberal Party had redeemed their pledges on Insurance and Home Rule for Ireland, and were now going to tackle the social problem at its roots by a new Educational System.

Mr. Raymond claimed to be a Unionist and Conservative; he spoke in favour of Tariff Reform and Colonial Preference. He attacked the Government policy regarding Ireland, State Insurance, and the Revision of the Franchise. He declared himself opposed to women's suffrage of any kind.

The ensuing debate was very lively and each candidate was severely heckled.

The election then followed, voting being by ballot:—

Mr. James (L.)	47
Mr. Raymond (C.)	18
<hr/>	
Lib. Majority	29
<hr/>	

The House met again on February 22nd to consider the motion: "That in the opinion of this House the mental capacity of women is inferior to that of men." Professor Lyttel presided.

Mr. Snow, in proposing the motion, argued that women were created physically inferior to men. This, coupled with their work in the world, was bound to make them mentally inferior. To support his theory he quoted many of the most famous scientists of the day.

Miss Aubrey, in opposing the motion, held that if women were inferior it was because they had not been given the opportunity to develop. She

quoted the instance of women who had quite equalled man in mental power, and concluded by quoting: "If woman is inferior—well—God Almighty made her to match the man."

Mr. Walls supported the motion. He stated that women have more instincts than have men. They are swayed by Instinct, *not* by Reason. He held that women are a bundle of emotion and instincts. Man is the inventive genius, woman slow and sluggish.

Miss Perren seconded the opposition arguing that now after centuries of oppression, woman was coming to be recognised as possessing mental power, and now slowly but surely all doors are being opened to her.

A very heated debate followed, many hard hits being given and received.

The motion was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

On th 27th of February, we had a return Inter-Debate with the Junior Imperial and Constitutional League. There was not as good an attendance as could have been desired but nevertheless what there was, was good.

Mr. Dudley, President and *Mr. Bruce* opened for the College, by proposing:—"That this House is not in favour of Protection." *Mr. Price* seconded for the College; both College representatives were in good form, and completely smashed their opponents' arguments. *Mr. Hybart* and *Mr. Harding* respectively moved and seconded the opposition. After an interesting debate, College won by 19 votes to 14 votes.

Owing to the hurry to get to press there can be no account of the Lord Mayor's Banquet in this term's Magazine. We can however say *before* it comes off "We had a grand time."

Our session is ended, but we can congratulate ourselves on its success. Every debate has been quite lively. We have not lacked debaters and many have true debating powers. We can only impress on them the necessity to put this energy and life into the next session and so maintain the high tone and enthusiastic character of the Society.

I. R. J.

CHESS NOTES.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE present term has been rather successful as regards Chess. Though the interest shown in the Record Board has not been great, except among the first half-dozen members, a number of keenly fought games have been played in connection with the Tournament. For this there were in all sixteen entrants—a convenient number for the double knock-out system—and the unbeaten players to date are D. R. McWhinnie, who has reached the Final Round, and the semi-finalists of the winners' division—R. J. Bateman and R. J. C. Weber.

In the Trophy Competition the Coll. has followed up its auspicious start of last term, when Andover and Southampton B. were beaten, by defeating Southampton A. ($4\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$) and Southampton C. (3—2). Our record is therefore:—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	For.	Games.	Against.	Points.
4	4	0	0	14		6	4

A victory in either of the remaining matches, will secure the position of the Coll. as leaders of the North-Western Division, in which case we should meet the leaders of the South-Eastern Division in the Final.

Far different is our record in the Minor League, for we have been roundly beaten by Southampton I, Romsey and Eastleigh in succession. The Fates have been against us, for, up to the present, we have been unable to get together a representative team. The first match took place in the middle of Terminals; the second, during the first week of Term; and the third clashed with a Trophy Match and a Meeting of the Sci. Soc. It is to be hoped that in our remaining fixtures, versus Andover and Southampton II, we shall do something to wipe out the stain of our early defeats.

R. J. C. W.

SOCCER NOTES.

+ + +



THIS term we have to report a sad falling off in the play of the Coll. Eleven. Up to the time of writing we have not won a match this term. We have seen our hopes dashed completely. In the Junior Cup we only reached the 2nd Round, while we were unable to survive the 1st Round of the Wednesday Cup. The bad luck and bad form shown during this term has been deplor-

able. In no department have men played up to their reputations. Our defence has been noticeably very weak indeed, and though our goal average was excellent last term, the forwards have lost their shooting boots, and either cannot or will not score.

2nd Round Junior Cup.

Millbrook. Lost (3—2).

This match proved to be a great attraction; hundreds coming from the locality, while students and staff turned up in large numbers. We anticipated a rare struggle, memories of last year's Final not having faded altogether. Millbrook fielded a strong eleven, much superior to the one of last year; still, Coll. were confident of winning. Our anticipations seemed to be quite justified too, for during the first twenty minutes of the game we were admittedly superior. Our shooting however was sadly at fault. The combination of the forwards was delightful in mid field, but when near goal they failed in lamentable fashion. Only Glover showed to advantage in this direction, one of his shots being brilliant and well deserving of a goal.

Coll. were one down at half time, but felt confident that they would reverse the position before the whistle blew.

As the result shows the confidence was misplaced, Millbrook managed to score again through a misunderstanding in the defence.

From this time Coll. went to pieces, the forwards became disjointed and the halves failed to hold the fast Millbrook line. Towards the close though they pulled themselves together and Glover scored two beautiful goals. The result, 3-2 against, flatters Millbrook, for had their 'goalie' not been in such brilliant form more goals would have accrued to the Coll.

Our defence lost us the match. The backs were unsteady, and McGuire in goal was not as safe as usual. The halves worked hard, but after the interval the pace seemed to tell. Glover was the best of a moderate line of forwards.

Wednesday Cup, Round I.

Co-Operators. (Lost 3-1).

Played on the Dell. As we had beaten this team 6-2 earlier in the season, we expected to win this match. However, we found they had reconstructed their eleven, and had a formidable side. Before the game was ten minutes old, we were 2 down. The ground was terribly heavy, this possibly affecting the play of the Coll. considerably. There is no excuse, however, for the deplorable display from the forwards in front of goal. For quite three-quarters of the second half we were attacking vigorously and yet we could only score once, and this was scrambled through.

The halves worked well and there was little fault to be found with the backs. McGuire did some very effective work, some of his saves being very fine.

Arcadians (L). (Draw 1-1).

As the Arcs. had only nine men and we were not at full strength, the game was almost a farce. The game suffered too through the unsportsmanlike tactics of several of our opponents. The score perhaps, will indicate the run of the play.

R.A.M.C. (Lost 3-1).

Another tale of woe. Coll played throughout like a beaten team. The R.M's. were in fine form, maintaining a fast and effective pace throughout the game. Their left wing was in splendid fettle and a continual source of danger to the Coll. defence.

Winchester (Home). (Lost 4-2).

The tale still continues. It seems that if our forwards are effective our defence must be weak. The defence was at fault throughout the game. McGuire made most glaring mistakes, in fact he ought easily to have prevented the last three goals. Still, all honour to Winchester for the excellent game they gave us.

The start was fast and exciting, with Coll. playing good football and attacking. Winton, however, began to find their feet, and soon were one up, a brilliant shot from the inside left giving McGuire no possible chance. The game continued even but faulty goal-keeping found us two down at the interval.

On the re-start and till the finish we had slightly more of the play than Winton, and managed to make the scores equal early on, but were forced to admit defeat at the end, as the score indicates.

Ruffell played splendidly in his new position as centre-forward, the halves worked hard and untiringly, though Williams found the Winton winger a little too good for him at times.

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The defence has never played worse. Newsham was slow and faulty in his clearances, and Glover spoilt the little good work he did by questionable tactics.

The score, though flattering to Winton, was amply justified because we made so many bad mistakes.

Park Avenue. (Draw 1—1).

This match with the League leaders was one of the best seen at Regent's this year. Although not at full strength, Lewis being away, Coll. played in splendid form, and only rank bad luck prevented them from winning. The ball was swung about with a freedom which placed the Park defenders in a tangle. Graham who was tried at centre forward was a complete success, and scored a beautiful goal.

There was nothing but praise for the Coll. during this match. Each man played well, the only disappointment to mention is that felt, because we did not manage to win.

G. J.

HARRIERS CLUB. ❧ ❧

+ + +



DURING the term the Club has had some interesting runs. Besides the evening road runs, there was a cross-country run one afternoon across the Common.

Some members also have availed themselves of the invitation of the Hampshire A.A.C., and had some training country runs with them.

At the end of last term, on December 7th, 1912, the 5th Hants Cross-country Championship was decided. The course was a mixture of road and country. It happened to be a wet day, hence the country was heavy going. Nevertheless, the College Company easily won the championship, and three members obtained silver medals, namely, E. R. Lovell, C. Wain and G. Snow.

It has been proposed to hold a 5-Miles Cross-country Race in the first fortnight of next term. Probably a slight handicap will be made and a prize given for the first man home.

All members of College are invited to run, and those wishing to must hand in their names to me during the first week of the term.

E. R. LOVELL, Hon. Sec

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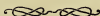
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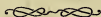
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